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THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s weekly 28 Dec. 1960

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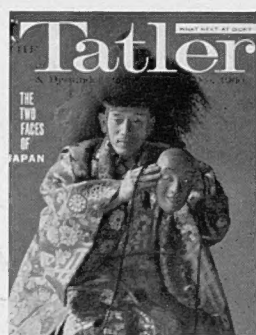
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12 MONTHS OF PROGRESS



Two faces of Japan symbolized by the actor Kikuo Pomoedo in ancient 'Nō' costume and holding mask. GERTI DEUTSCH took this cover picture a few weeks ago during a visit to Japan. In an arresting series of contrasts, she has also photographed (page 746 onwards) how a new image of this ancient country is emerging to replace the traditional one. On page 733 Doone Beal discusses Tokyo for the tourist

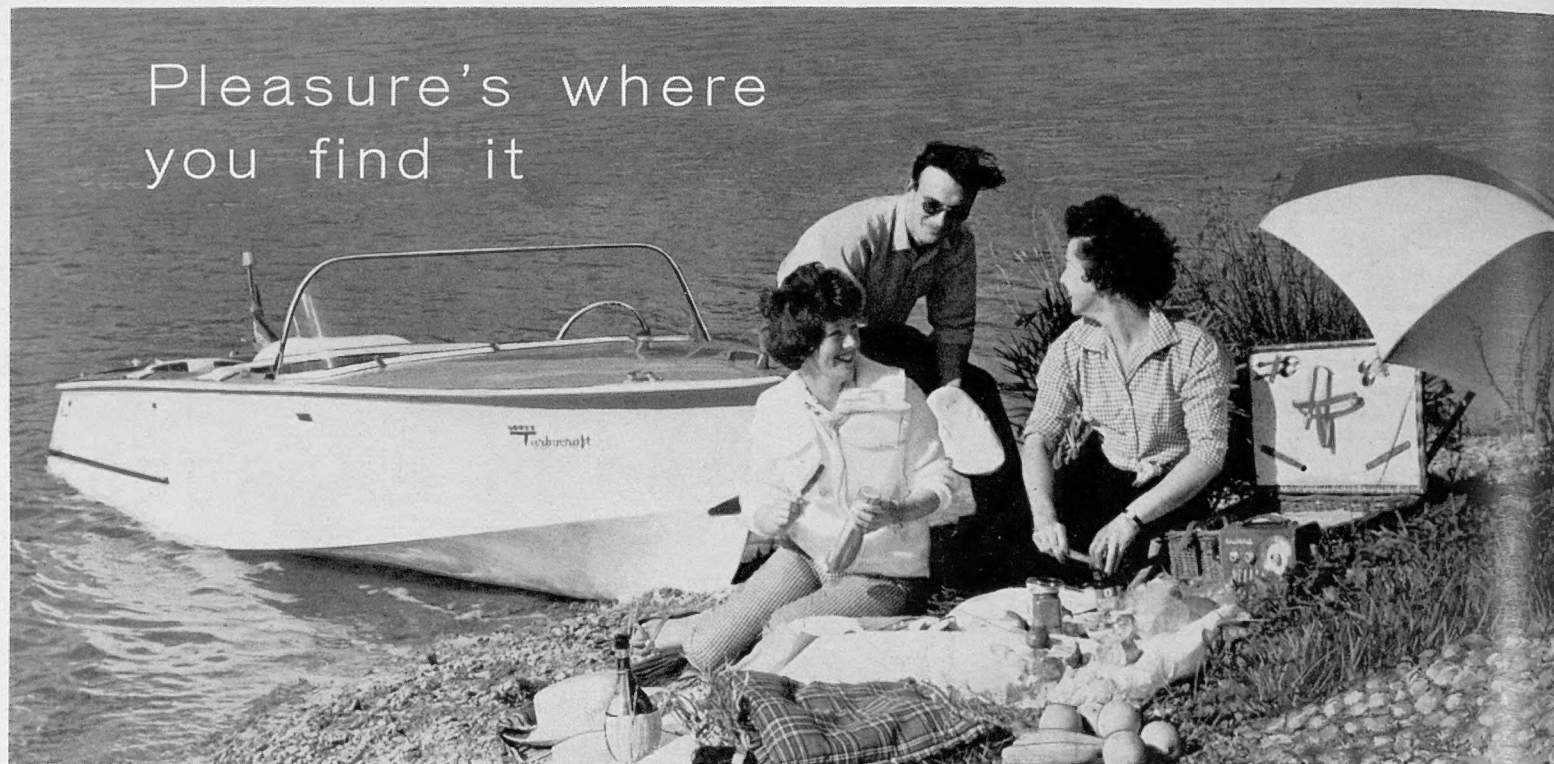
As this is the last issue of 1960 it seems fair to record the wide-fronted progress that has been made in enriching the interest and appeal of this magazine. Here are some of the last 12 months' reinforcements:

- ★ Lord Kilbracken began his personal column, which proved so popular that it was quickly changed from fortnightly to weekly. This week he writes about boats (page 745)
- ★ A new weekly beauty page was launched, in which Elizabeth Williamson has set fresh standards of liveliness. Her *Good Looks* this week is about getting the best out of a bath (page 767)
- ★ Night life in London became the subject of a new regular column *Going Places Late*, by Douglas Sutherland—and judging by his correspondence it is already widely followed. He writes this week on page 732
- ★ Another new column was launched to report the fashionable *Man's world*, and David Morton is proving an urbane and witty guide to this largely unexplored territory. He has surprising news this week about frock coats (page 768)
- ★ Wine know-how came into the province of John Baker White, much quoted for his restaurant reconnaissance, and he now adds a wine note to many of his weekly pieces (see page 732)
- ★ Painting was given regular space with a new *Verdict on Galleries* contributed in engaging style by Alan Roberts. After reading him, you feel you know just what an artist is getting at. This week's example: page 766

But in addition to these new regulars, every issue has brought new ideas, new contributors (remember Art Buchwald's riotous article?), new photographers, new approaches—and all without sacrificing any of the traditional attractions of *The Tatler*, which remains the leading society magazine in the country and incomparably the glossiest of weeklies. We think the standard is maintained in this issue—and we intend to go on raising it next year

Next week:

A coming-of-age in fashion.



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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

South and West Wilts Hunt Ball, 30 December, at Fonthill House, Tisbury.

Belvoir Hunt Ball, 31 December, at Belvoir Castle.

Sports Carnival Ball, 31 December, at the Café Royal, in aid of the National Deaf Children's Society. Tickets 3 gns., from Mr. Charles Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI 2019.)

Christmas Holiday Dance (for 10 to 17-year-olds), 3 January, at the Mecca Ballroom of the Lyceum Theatre, Strand, in aid of Feathers Youth Clubs. Tickets £1, from the Marquesa de Casa Maury, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. (KEN 8 00.)

Two Children's Parties, 3 January (for up to 8 years) and 4 January (for 9 to 14-year-olds), at the Savoy, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Tickets 1 gn., from Mrs. Stewart Neal & Mrs. Peter Meyer, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8. (ANT 8222.)

Organ Grinders' Ball, 4 January, at Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of Westminster School Quatercentenary Appeal. Tickets £1 10s., from Mrs. Francis Vallat, 10 Phillimore Court, W.8. (TES 4298.)

Pineapple Ball, 5 January, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys. Tickets £2 7s. 6d., from the Hon. Ball Secretary, 14 Napier Place, Kensington, W.14.

SPORT

Race meetings: Cheltenham, today & 29; Newbury, 30, 31, December; Catterick Bridge, Manchester, Warwick, 2; Hurst Park, Liverpool, 4, 5 January.

Rugby: England v. South Africa, Twickenham, 7 January.

Squash Rackets: Amateur Championship, Royal Automobile Club, 6-16 January.

Tennis: Junior Covered Court Championships, Queen's Club, 2-7 January.

Badminton: All-England Junior Championships, Wimbledon, 5-7 January.

Hockey: Western Counties Women's Tournament, Weston-super-Mare, 2-4 January.

Motoring: Exeter Trial, 6, 7 January. **Chess**: 36th International Congress, Hastings, today to 7 January.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Aida*, 29 December, 7, 5, 10, 13 January, 7 p.m.; *La Bohème*, 31 December, 6, 9, 20 January, 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Copelia*, *Solitaire*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 2.15 p.m. 31 December; *Solitaire*, *The Invitation* (first London perf.), *Sweeney Todd*, 30 December, 7.30 p.m.; *Pineapple Poll*, *The Invitation*, *Sweeney Todd*, 31 January; *Cinderella*, 4 January, 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Orpheus In The Underworld*, 7.30 p.m. (mat. Sat., 2.30 p.m.), to 31 December; *Tosca*, 3 January; *Cinderella* (Rossini), 4 January, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet in *The Nutcracker*, to 14 January, 2.30 & 7.30 p.m.; colour films, *Tosca* (Italian), 4.30 p.m., & *Othello* (Russian), 7.30 p.m., 1 January. (WAT 3191.) **Polyphonic music**, by the Luigi Canepa Choir from Sardinia, tonight & 29 December, 7.30 p.m., Wigmore Hall. (WEL 2141.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. The Age of Charles II—Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Whitney Collection. Impressionist paintings lent by the U.S. Ambassador—Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 29 January.

La Famille Benois—a Christmas Exhibition of the work of Alexandre Benois and seven members of the family—Arthur Tooth & Sons Ltd., Bruton St., W.1, to 7 January.

EXHIBITIONS

International Boat Show, Earls Court, 4-14 January. (See pages 744 & 745.)

Racing Car Show, Royal Horticultural Society's New and Old Halls, Westminster, 31 December to 7 January.

Camping & Outdoor Life Exhibition, Olympia, 4-14 January.



ORIENTAL FLAVOUR at the Pigalle, whose current floor-show, "Japanese Holiday," came to London by way of the New Frontier Hotel, Las Vegas. Dancers of the Heigo Imperial Japanese troupe help make up the company of 40. For more about their homeland see pages 733 & 746

Romantic Novelists' Exhibition, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. To 4 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia, to 7 January.

FIRST NIGHT

Royal Court Theatre. *The Lion In Love*. 29 December.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 763.

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing... the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Jimmy Thompson, Hugh McDermott. (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011.)

The World Of Suzie Wong. "... an idyll working itself out to a foregone conclusion... Oriental glamour... spectacular interludes. Miss Tsai Chin is direct, unsentimental and enormously vivacious..." Tsai Chin, Gary Raymond. (Prince of Wales Theatre, WHI 8681.)

Oliver! "... written and presented with enormous gusto... put across with little of the art that conceals art... I could do with a great deal more dancing." Ron Moody, Georgia Brown, Paul Whitsun-Jones. (New Theatre, TEM 3878.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 764.

Ben-Hur. "... if this magnificently lavish, superbly produced, directed and acted film cannot drag you from your dreary television sets—then, I am convinced, nothing can." Charlton Heston, Stephen Boyd, Jack Hawkins, Hugh Griffiths, Haya Harareet. (Empire, Leicester Square, GER 1234.)

Elmer Gantry. "... Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novel was hailed as the most penetrating study of hypocrisy written since Voltaire... but the director has pulled his punches... the film admirably recaptures the hysteria of the revivalist meetings." Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Arthur Kennedy. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Can-Can. "... A whacking great musical... the setting is Paris in 1896... Mr. Sinatra puts over Mr. Cole Porter's beguiling numbers with his customary expertise... an unnecessarily brutal apache number and a 'Garden of Eden' ballet." Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Frank Sinatra. (Carlton, Haymarket, WHI 3711.)

For Holiday Shows, see page 764



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

I CALLED IN AT QUAGLINO'S THE other day to watch the final performance of Jon Pertwee's highly successful tour of duty in cabaret. George Braund is the current attraction.

Upstairs in the restaurant at Quag's a clientele of business men and the old school of West Enders dine and dance decorously to Felix King and watch an early cabaret, at 11.45 p.m. Downstairs, the Allegro has long been a favourite haunt of the younger set. It has a late night supper licence which allows dancing up to 2.30 a.m. and the cabaret moves downstairs from the restaurant and starts soon after midnight.

Many people think the Allegro is a club—and well they may considering the number of faces seen there regularly—but it is not. Upstairs and downstairs the set dinner is £2 and the menu by no means restrictive. Wines, too, are reasonable with a good carafe wine available at 17s. and two champagnes on their comprehensive wine list at under £2 a bottle. Old patrons of the Allegro will be sad to know that well-known Generalissimo Luparia died recently. His place has been taken by Peter Beloti but upstairs the ineffable Louis still remembers faces and influences people as he has done in the West End for as long as I can remember.

Hard by Quaglino's in Jermyn Street is a new venture, the 55 Club, for which I confidently forecast a big future. Run by David and Virginia Hamilton, I think the club may well start a new fashion in the West End. It is the nearest

approach to the Continental bar-restaurant to be found here.

David Hamilton describes it as a "sort of West End bistro," but it is in fact rather more than that. The club is designed on an open plan with an attractive bar which you walk into off the street and which serves drinks at reasonable prices with the attractive addition of well-ported cheese canapés. I was delighted to see old stager Marc Anthony tinkling away at the piano and looking and playing exactly the same as I remember him 25 years ago. Later in the evening a coloured hot rhythm band takes over—I'm told that it's one of the best in London. For me the most attractive aspect of this new club-restaurant is the inexpensive catering ranging from something as light as kedgeree or haddock and poached egg for around 6s. or 7s. to a solid meal for under £1. There is a definite need for a rendezvous in the West End where people can meet for a drink or have a quick meal before going on to a theatre. Equally, there is a need for an after-the-theatre spot in which to sit around or dine and dance informally. The Hamiltons tell me they started the 55 because these were precisely the sort of problems they met with themselves. From the number of well-known faces I saw on the evening I called I would say that they were already on the road to success. Incidentally, anyone can walk into the 55 for a drink or to eat before 11 p.m. but after that it becomes a club with a supper licence to 2 a.m.



The new 55 Club restaurant in Jermyn Street



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

Parisian bistro standard of courtesy. Take your own bottle.

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Normandie, Knightsbridge. (KEN 5317.) The large number of regular customers who are known to appreciate good food and wine is an indication of this restaurant's quality. A pleasant and spacious room, with no crowding of tables, it has a large menu and quite a long list of specialities, including sweets. In view of the increased price the smoked salmon course seemed to me to be somewhat lacking in generosity. W.B.

Le Bistro D'Agran, Pavilion Road, S.W.1. (BEL 3083.) Open in the evening, including Sundays. One of the few restaurants in London that knows how to serve tomatoes as a first course. The cooking is good, and excellent value for money. An ample *salade de tomates* followed by chicken in the rough with potatoes and two vegetables, and coffee, cost exactly ten shillings. Genuine bistro atmosphere including Left Bank music, but well above the

WINE NOTES

From past experience I approach aperitifs with caution, but a new French one called Midi, in an attractive opaque black bottle, I found pleasant and not too sweet. It is made from Vallon vin rosé and Crème de Cassis from Dijon. It goes well with gin—one sixth Midi to one third gin—and will mix with vodka, brandy, lemonade or soda water. Drunk alone it should be chilled or poured on cracked ice. It costs 18s. per bottle.

The Wine Mine, 1961 edition, came out recently. Prepared by Lt. Commander Anthony Hogg, R.N. (retd.), of Peter Domic Ltd., it is much more than a list of the wines they sell. To a wine student it is a most useful reference book. To the young man or woman pushing open the door to a fascinating world or arranging their first party it is invaluable. The book is free on application either to the firm's headquarters at Hoxham or to their unusual shop in the cellar at 28 Orange Street, W.C.2 (just off the Haymarket).

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Tokyo for the tourist

TOKYO has not only passed London in population (latest figure: 9½ million), but it is also rivalling New York as the most-desired expense-account destination. For years, when dollars were gold dust, New York was the place to see and for most people a business trip was about the only way to get there. But what with the easing of currency restrictions and the cheap transatlantic jet flights, New York is rapidly becoming routine, hardly a more adventurous holiday than, say, Rome. The traveller's new Mecca is Tokyo, which has all the necessary ingredients of remoteness, strangeness, spectacle, and comfort—and fares that bring it within the reach of the few while keeping it safe from the many. At any businessman's luncheon, "When I was in Tokyo..." is a sure silencer.

This trend is going to continue, I think. Last year some £70 million worth of business was transacted between this country and Japan. And following a recent trade agreement, the figure for 1960 may well show a dramatic increase. The world airlines have been quick to see a market, and S.A.S. recently inaugurated a jet flight over the Pole that pares down the flying time from Europe to 16 hours.

The fascination of Japan is to watch the emergence of new traditions. No country strives so desperately—or so successfully—after modernity, but none clings so paradoxically to its past. For example, among the young, kimonos are now worn only on ceremonial occasions, but the exceptions are those two modern products the airline hostesses and the elevator girls, for whom kimonos are uniform.

My first impression of Tokyo was at night, when every building is animated by the zany, insubstantial beauty of neon lights. In every colour of the spectrum, this perpetual firework display of flower-like characters shoots up and down like quicksilver, erupts, cascades, and revolves. The messages may be as banal as any but, happily, one cannot know. By day, when the lights are blind, this same magic can look like a disused fairground full of abandoned toys.

This typifies many aspects of Tokyo including the attitude of the Japanese themselves; their delight in something perfectly mechanized,

and their pure pleasure in decoration. As a city, Tokyo is an extraordinary mixture of the tawdry and the brave-new-world contemporary; the sleek and the shabby; quiet, soundless dignity and shattering noise; shocking roads and a few super highways, both teeming with seemingly suicidal drivers who can only owe survival to their split-second reactions; oases of glorious parks and gardens in a muddle of makeshift urban and suburban living.

Tokyo has the reputation of being the fleshpot city of the East, the expense-account dream of a new heaven and girls to go with it. Some of its many night clubs are as big as gymnasiums and not much more seductive, others (so I am told, for they are strictly a male preserve) so intimate that the hostesses have nowhere else to sit—much—except on the patron's lap. One comment I did hear on the striptease shows from an Italian was: "The girl undress like she was takin' off a wristwatch," but then maybe he was just being blasé. Personally, I had little impression of the Wicked City. On the face of it, it seems to close unexpectedly early, and most floor shows cease at midnight. But walking down the side streets off Ginza, various cards of address for late floor shows and bars are pressed into the palm and my escort might, I fancy, have fared very differently alone. The best bars and night clubs incidentally are in the Alaska district.

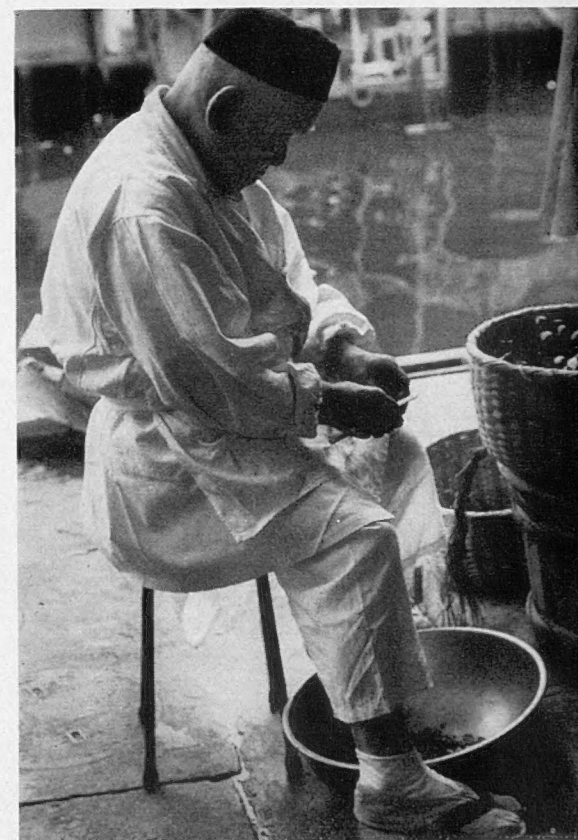
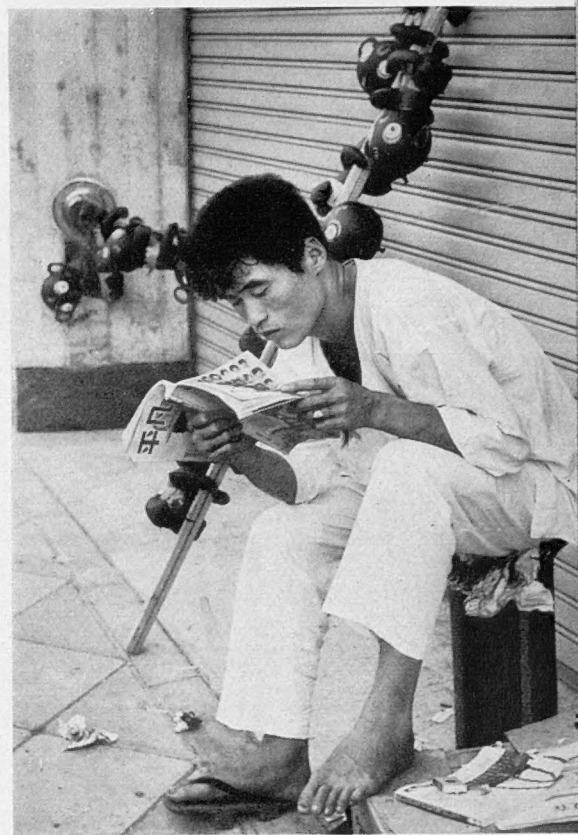
Eating in Tokyo is almost a chapter on its own. There are restaurants of every nationality. In most of the traditional *sukiyaki* restaurants, shoes are removed and you sit on the floor. In some, they provide customers of both sexes with a kimono and often there is a charming miniature waterfall and pond to contemplate while dining. Though European men look regretably funny in kimonos, any woman who has ever sat out a *sukiyaki* evening on the floor in a tight skirt will see the point of going traditional the whole way.

At Chinzanso, a huge barn and garden restaurant, one eats Mongolian food. This is virtually a barbecue: in the middle of each table is an oil grill on which they cook pieces of steak, pork and chicken in turn. It is delicious but messy. Don't go there in your best

clothes. Tempura food, which I liked most of all, is served in much the same way except that one sits on a stool at a communal eating bar. All kinds of sea food are fried for you by the piece, singly and hot from the pan—one of the nicest restaurants of this type is Tenichi. But after a surfeit of chopsticks, unfamiliar table levels and unfamiliar foods being fried under your nose, you could be assailed by a wild nostalgia for the European conventions. And for this mood, George's is a suitable retreat.

To many people, Tokyo is one vast department store. The fashionable half mile of Ginza is lined with speciality shops of all kinds, as well as three American-type stores. If you want to pick the best of the bunch in a hurry, visit the Nikkatsu shopping arcade, or the arcades in the basement of either the Imperial or the Ginza-Tokyu hotel. Apart from cameras and tiny transistor radios, the best buys are silk, lacquer work, cultured pearls and porcelain. Prices are keen and realistic but *not* bargain-basement; and unlike most other Eastern cities, there is virtually no bargaining either.

Outside the city centre, Tokyo is too exhaustingly large and its points of interest too scattered to be explored on foot. One tends to tour the city to look at rather than explore the buildings. For example, the Imperial Palace is inaccessible to the public except on two days in the year. But its series of moats and bridges, its pine-clad slopes, surpass even the remote, formal beauty one had expected. The gardens around the Meiji Shrine and its memorial picture gallery are worth visiting, too. There are so many significant details which might otherwise pass one by that, for once, I commend the guided bus tours. Follow up what interests you most later, by taxi, but the drivers rarely speak enough English to explain anything. They are, incidentally, an obliging and honest breed who must be alone in the world's metropoli in never expecting a tip. The form in Tokyo, as elsewhere in Japan, is to tell your hall porter where you want to go. He writes it all down in Japanese characters and this in turn you hand to the taximan. The system operates economically from the customer's viewpoint, and without graft. In a country where not only



NEW AND OLD in sidewalk sights in Tokyo. A cook shells prawns for his restaurant, and a hawker (top) trades in Winkie dolls, latest craze among the craze-inclined Japanese. These two pictures are from a set of contrasts by Gerti Deutsch, some of which are shown on pages 746-52

the language but the script could prove an insuperable difficulty to foreigners, it is this mixture of ingenuity, courtesy and a genuine desire to please which makes Tokyo almost unique among the rich capitals of the world.

**The secret
in the blending
gives
'Black & White'
outstanding
character
and quality**

Of all Scotch Whiskies none enjoys a higher reputation than 'Black & White'—blended in a special way from Scotland's finest whiskies. This is the reason for its distinctive character, its mellow smoothness, its satisfying flavour; the reason for the extra enjoyment from every glass of this superb Scotch.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"



THE SECRET IS IN THE BLENDING



To South Africa
THE ELLERMAN WAY

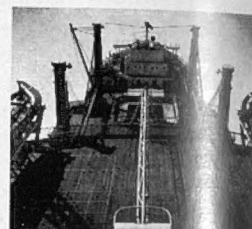
Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't just luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its courtesy and attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our ships' cuisine is equal to that of any five-star restaurant anywhere. Fine ships and fine service, maintaining a fine tradition of quiet competence... *this is the ELLERMAN way to South Africa*



A typical double room on "The City of Exeter." Cabins on Ellerman ships are either on "A" or "B" decks... light, airy and beautifully appointed.



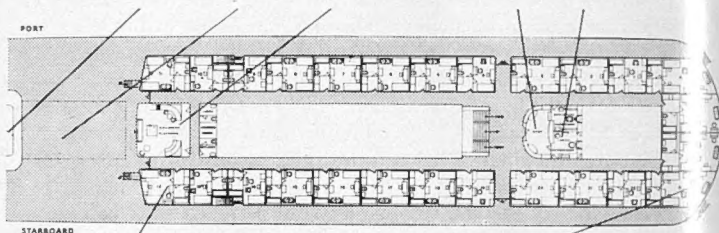
The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service... providing a cuisine for which Ellerman ships are renowned.



The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, drawing-room and library.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP

Swimming Pool Sports Deck Children's Playroom Shop Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hairdressers



Every "A" Deck room, whether "single" or "double," has a private bathroom and toilet en suite.

The staterooms are particularly spacious and luxuriously furnished with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

The service is maintained by the T.s.m.v. City of Port Elizabeth, City of Exeter, City of York and City of Durban, each accommodating 100 passengers in single and double rooms (with removable Pullman berths for children). These ships afford superb passenger amenities. All rooms have windows or portholes and there are electric fans in addition to mechanical ventilation.

Approximately every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenço Marques and Beira. An outside double room with private bathroom, *en suite*, is £155 per adult

(£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 or from all shipping and travel agents.

ELLERMAN
Lines *serve the world*

Villars
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French Switzerland

GRAND HOTEL DU PARC

Very first class — 100 rooms, each one with private bath — Most up-to-date hotel — International atmosphere — All Wintersports.

Reduces prices in January and March.

M. Chevrier, Manager



28 December
1960

For connoisseurs of

ROYAL

photographs the year's last month was first. The

DECEMBER

vintage is here celebrated with a few specimens



The Queen was escorted round the Royal Academy by the President, Sir Charles Wheeler, during a private visit to the tercentenary exhibition of "The Age of Charles II"

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



At a Mansion House luncheon to mark her return from Nigeria, Princess Alexandra toasted the Lord Mayor, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen. During the month her activities also included inspecting the Oriana, watching the première of Macbeth, and attending the wedding of her family doctor's daughter, Miss Gillian Saint, from Iwer, Bucks



In a ranch-mink jacket, Princess Margaret flew north for her annual visit to the students' ball at the University College of North Staffordshire, of which she is president



Prince Philip, a man who has worn more outfits than most, provided another when he hunted boar near Milan during a Continental trip

A collector's item was added when Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones handed prizes to schoolboys—it was his first public engagement alone



Miss Marianne de Weerd with Baron Steengracht Van Moyland. He lent his home, Panty-y-Goitre House, for the ball



George Holder, the Monmouthshire huntsman. Fox masks decorated, but were also used as pegs



Captain William Ashby, one of the three Monmouthshire joint-Masters, with his wife

IT WAS a rollicking weekend in Monmouthshire. To begin with there was a proper liver-shaker with the Monmouthshire Hounds from their meet at Llanvair Grange, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn's place. There was the hunt ball that evening, the racing at Chepstow next day and (for friends who had made money—or held on to what they already had) an amusing roulette party at Col. & Mrs. William Crawshaw's.

The annual hunt ball meet at Llanvair Grange is an event—in fifteen minutes you jump as many fences. This year there was the whispered suggestion that the host hadn't spent the entire night before in his bed. There was a pair of posts-and-rails, bigger than the rest, very new, and strategically placed!

Anyway it was all great fun, and the Monmouthshire field can boast of not having a single gate-opener. "They don't dare!" Mrs. Michael Hunter told me. She's the former Claire Bull and a one time joint-Master. Col. Llewellyn agreed. "If they can't jump across my place I'd prefer them to go round the road than open the gates," he told me.

Perhaps this attitude has helped make the Monmouthshire the cradle of international show-jumpers. Since the war they've been numerous, and included Col. Llewellyn himself and the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, Major Geoffrey Gibbon (one of the Hunt's joint-Masters), Mrs. Bryan Marshall, and now Mr. David Broome.

A good pace in the saddle was later maintained round Baron & Baroness Steengracht Van Moyland's ballroom at Panty-y-Goitre. The

baron—he's Holland's Consul-General in Scotland—and his wife came south for the occasion. Their son Jan was also there. He's a portrait painter and set up his studio in London a little while ago. Appropriately, dancing was against a background of paintings, masks and brushes. On the floor were Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. G. W. Richards, the Hon. Anthony & the Hon. Mrs. Berry, Col. & Mrs. D. M. C. Prichard, Margaret Lady Glanusk and Col. J. D. Griffiths (one of the Joint-Masters), a spruce, silver-haired figure in his well-cut scarlet coat.

A number of people wore the chic dark blue uniform of the Monmouthshire Hunt Club. Before the war knee-breeches were always worn with it but they have never been seen since. Just what happened to all those breeches (as there are a lot of Hunt Club members) I cannot imagine. Anyway there was a hint at the ball of reviving them. Said Capt. William Ashby (the third of the joint-Masters) ruminating: "We'd need to get at least half a dozen chaps into them and wearing them *together* so they could give moral support to each other." I do hope he gets them.

Ball survivors (virtually everybody) pushed on next day to Chepstow to watch the big event on the card, the Rhymney Breweries' steeplechase, a race that is becoming quite a pointer to Grand National form. It was a bitterly cold day but there was still an enormous crowd. I saw the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Raglan & Lady Raglan, Mrs. G. R. Lewis, whose Chouchou won

CONTINUED ON PAGE 740

South Wales borderers



Mrs. William Crawshaw, honorary secretary of the ball committee



The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry and Baroness Steengracht Van Moyland



Lady Honor Llewellyn and Lt.-Col. John Oram, the horse trials rider

A VISIT TO THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT CLUB'S BALL (opposite) AND THE CHEPSTOW RACES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL AND DESCRIBED BY Muriel Bowen



Mr. F. Ike Watwyn, trainer of Mme. Kilian Hennessey's Mandarin, the big race favourite



Lord Raglan, Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, watching the racing from the stewards' box



Grandstand view of the field in the big race, the Rhymney Breweries' Steeplechase, the first time round. The race was won by Mr. S. Nossell's horse Reprieved, a former selling 'chaser



Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, a steward at the meeting, rejects spectacles for field glasses



Dandy Scot who finished second gave jockey Fred Winter and a stable lad trouble before the big race

SOUTH WALES BORDERERS

concluded



Mrs. Peter Anderson with Mr. Desmond Lysaght, chairman of the Chepstow Racecourse Committee



M. & Mme. Kilian Hennessy and their jockey watch Mandarin in the paddock. He fell in the big race

Muriel Bowen continued

a hurdle race, Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Alexander, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Gilbertson, M. & Mme. K. Hennessy, and Sir David & Lady Llewellyn.

Others there were: Mr. & Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Capt. Mason H. Scott, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Davies (she had an ocelot-printed silk dress with a top piece that wound over the top of her mink hat—a great idea on a cold day) and Mr. & Mrs. F. A. Atkinson.

The equine personality of the day was Mr. S. Nossell's Reprieved, winner of the big race. Mrs. Nossell told me that the horse was to have been destroyed as a two-year-old because of an injury to his withers, but his then owner gave him another chance to recover and live. Hence the name.

Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn's lunch tent, with its tubs of flowers, was a haven between races. Most of those I've already mentioned dropped in for refreshment and so did Mrs. G. St. John Nolan, Ireland's popular show-jumper and owner of the much-fancied Zonda, who was brought down in the Breweries 'Chase. He's a gift horse, she told me, a present from her next-door neighbour in Co. Meath when he didn't make the grade as a two-year-old. His favourite drink is beer, so if he'd won, the Rhymney Breweries' pay-off (they sponsored the race) might have been more welcome in pints than in £'s.

NEW ERA IN THE ROW

More horses, this time in Hyde Park. When Lord John Hope, the Minister of Works, went to Rotten Row to open a jumping lane he spoke with personal knowledge of the Row. "A horse once bolted with me here," he said. "It was an experience that I shall remember for a long time. A policeman came charging after me on a large grey horse shouting 'Stop! You can't do that here!'"

The jumps are likely to become a new social venue among riding enthusiasts. They also testify to the reviving cult of the horse. With the numbers of people who ride today it is becoming as natural for the authorities to provide a jumping lane (one-third of the cost of this one was borne by Messrs W. & A. Gilbey, the distillers) as it has been for them in the past to make facilities available for ball games.

Mr. David Broome, 1960's Sportsview Personality of the Year, was the first down the row of jumps, followed by some officers of the Household Cavalry and a sporting Corporal of Horse on a grumpy creature that tried to run out. Then came little Frederick Broome, aged six, over the special children's jumps.

It was all quite an occasion. Sir Derek Gilbey, Bt., & Lady Gilbey arrived on the family coach drawn by a team of smart bays. The whip was, as usual, Mr. "Bassie" Gilbey. Capt. Lionel Dawson, doyen of the hunting correspondents, was there and so were Col. & Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, Miss Sarah-Jane Corbett, Mr. Anthony Pyman, Miss Pat Smythe, and Mr.



Mr. Leigh Baxter, Miss Carolyn Waldron & Miss Sue Kemp

THE WOLDINGHAM BALL

*A gala evening at the
Anglo-Belgian Club helped the
building fund of Woldingham's
Sacred Heart Convent*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER

Gerald Ward, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Ward.

After the experts did their jumping a number of children and some grown-ups riding in the park decided to have a try. The horses were scared of the brightly painted red and white jumps. A nanny beside me said to her companion in an audible whisper: "If Master James were here with Snowy he'd show them how to take those jumps." A subsequent question revealed that "Master James" is now a member of the House of Lords and that his pony Snowy is no longer with us.

The request from riders in the Row to the Ministry of Works was for "show jumps," but having watched horses and riders in action during the past week I cannot but feel that they would have been better served with something less glossy. A couple of brush jumps, an open ditch or two and some rustic poles more widely spaced would bring happier results to the majority.

Following the opening ceremony guests moved out of the fog to the red and gold tapestry-hung officers' mess at Hyde Park Barracks, where **Col. the Hon. Julian Berry** was host to leading horsemen and women, several of them in London specially for the occasion. I met Miss **Sue Cohen**, European champion ladies jumper, who told me that she has bought a new horse and is looking out for another, and Mr. **John Woollam**, M.P., who was instrumental in getting people interested in the jumping lane. Since becoming an M.P. he's learnt to ride in the Row, and when he feels proficient enough

over the jumps he's taking up the invitation of a fellow M.P., **Major John Morrison**, for a day's hunting with the South & West Wilts.

SKIING PROSPECTS

With the weather hardening, the horses will soon be out of the picture, the skiers in. Indeed, the authorities, who plan the sporting programme at Grindelwald in the Swiss Alps have listed a "foxhunt on skis" as their big attraction on 26 February. Switzerland promises a bigger social and sporting programme than ever—with more resorts coming into the social picture. Gstaad, where the **King & Queen of Thailand** will entertain **Princess Alexandra** in a few days' time, plans exceptional gaiety. By night there is a round of balls in the big hotels, and by day the sporting events are extremely varied. The Geneva Cup for giant slalom, sponsored by the Ski Club of Great Britain, is on 10 January, and there is ski-jumping by floodlight three days later. The international contest for Field Marshal Montgomery's Cup is on 11 & 12 January, horse racing on snow 18-19 February, and a demonstration by avalanche rescue dogs—an uncanny spectacle—on 26 February.

American influence touches Davos. There's a "She and He" Downhill race on 9 February. Last January there was an Anglo-Swiss M.P.s' race on the nursery slopes at Davos and the Parliamentarians hope to get away to the same venue this season.

Lady Blane tells me that Villars can be relied

on to put on a first-class show when the British Ladies' Championships take place there, 16-21 January. She's the Ski Club of Great Britain's representative at the resort. The British Skiing Race Week for Men is at Mürren on 8-11 January and farther down the mountains at Wengen there will be a large collection of families billeted for the British Junior Ski Racing Week 2-6 January. So much for the resorts. I shall be writing from three of them a little later on.

At home, limbering up in advance has become the thing. Moss Bros., who deal with skiers in bulk, tell me that the demand for classes grows annually. They also find that a lot of nurses have taken to skis—so those aching shins may not ache for so long any more. At Lillywhites Miss Anni Maurer has been teaching all the skiing movements, without as much as a thimbleful of snow, using her own invention, the Rocker Ski. And demand for tuition at Simpsons of Piccadilly is such that the ski school has had to be moved from the store to a dance hall in Victoria! Lessons have been going on eight hours a day on a ramp of coconut matting. A recent pupil was a grandfather of 63, picking it all up again before taking his grandchildren on the slopes.

K FOR KANDAHAR

Talking of limbering up, I ran into Mr. **H. R. Spence**, the former Tory M.P. who invented the Spenski (a limbering-up machine) at the



Mr. Jeremy Nieborer and Miss Sarah Lampard



Mr. Justin Fryar, Miss Florinda Church, Mr. Stephen Reynolds, Miss Sarah Wight-Boycott and Miss Elizabeth Sword



Miss Sarah Lanyon and Mr. Charles Morland



Miss Darina Kelleher, a committee member, & Mr. Peter Walker



At supper: Mr. J. Isaac & Miss Patricia Dixon

Mr. Serge Ovsievsky, the pre-war Cresta rider, and Mrs. S. M. Le Pas



Lord & Lady Brabazon of Tara (right) with the Hon. Derek & Mrs. Moore-Brabazon



Sir Dudley Cunliffe-Owen Bt., and the Hon. Lady Cunliffe-Owen

THE CRESTA BALL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. V. SWAEBE



Mrs. Vernon Pope, ball chairman, with Viscount Bledisloe, president of the club



Dr. & Mme. Paul Richli, had flown over from Paris especially for the ball



Mrs. J. G. Jeans, Viscountess Bledisloe and Mr. F. MacCarthy, club secretary

The St. Moritz Tobogganing Club had the first of its two annual balls at the Dorchester, attended as usual by Cresta Run enthusiasts. The second Cresta Ball, held in St. Moritz, will be on 11 February

Muriel Bowen CONTINUED

Kandahar Ski Club's dinner dance at the Savoy, "Marvellous for re-educating the muscles," he told me. "I've got mine in the dining-room, my wife's got hers in her bedroom. We use them every day." Limbering up on the Savoy dance floor were: **Dr. Tom Greenwood, Lady Chamier, Mr. R. H. Cornwall-Legh, Major-Gen. D. Hogg, Comdr. & Mrs. J. H. W. Shirley, Capt. Peter Trustram Eve, and Brig. & Mrs. W. D. M. Raeburn.**

Kandahar members are modest about their successes. Nevertheless they've got "K's" on the brain. Kandahar wives talk with the same excitement about "getting his K" (Kandahar badge of efficiency) as Foreign Office wives talk of "getting his K" (knighthood).

I must admit though that "K's" become almost human when they're talked about by **Mr. W. J. Riddell**, the club's chairman. He had this to say: "'K' used to be the loneliest little letter in the alphabet. Then came Kandahar and the letter 'K' became a success. Since then foreign powers have started leaping on our bandwagon... there came abortive summits and Mr. K. Now America has decided it too must have a Mr. K..."

NAUTICAL NIGHT

It is only in the last few years that yachting has touched the public imagination but when members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club gathered at the Savoy it was their 88th annual banquet and ball. **Mr. "Tiny" Mitchell**, moving spirit behind the Royal Corinthian's successes, was there with Mrs. Mitchell. **Mr. & Mrs. Roy Mitchell**, who sailed for Britain in the Olympics, were entertaining this year's Olympic helmsmen at the next table. "I wanted people to see that there was no animosity between us and that reports to that effect were completely unfounded," Mr. Roy Mitchell told me.

There were reports circulating about Poole's development as an international yachting centre. The leading foreign helmsmen have never warmed to Cowes because of the danger of rocks, so it is hoped in certain quarters that Poole will eventually provide strong international competition in home waters.

I talked to **Mr. Robin Aisher**, the young helmsman who put up such a fine showing at Naples in the 5.5 Yeoman VII (which he will again sail next year). It will be interesting to see how he will do against his father, **Mr. Owen Aisher**, in the brand-new Yeoman VIII. Meanwhile the search goes on for an America's Cup challenger. Mr. Aisher tells me that tank tests both here and in Australia haven't yet come up with anything to touch the existing American boats.



He's 43 years old. He's a millionaire. He has a beautiful wife. Next month he'll become the leader of what is still the richest and most powerful

The man who has everything *nation on earth. Should any man have so much at once? Whether he should or*

whether he shouldn't, this one has more. While the news of his election was still inspiring headlines his first son was born, and this month the child was christened, just 13 days afterwards. The baby wore the same robe as his father was christened in (it's been lucky enough, hasn't it?), and when it came to a name, well, naturally it was

John Fitzgerald Kennedy (junior)

An eve-of-Boat-Show selection of what looks like catching on afloat

Wave-cresters for 1961

Outboards

No propeller troubles (no propeller!) on the Gary Jet 4 hydro-jet motor. Absolutely safe for children as all rotating parts are completely protected or enclosed. Can be used for fishing boat at slow speed. Single-cylinder, two-stroke, air/water-cooled engine of 4 b.h.p., 40 lb. (dry). (Price: £69 19s. 6d., Stuart & Payne.) . . . 20 ft. Hepcraft outboard motor-cruisers—one 2-berth, one 4-berth with hood. Sold fully equipped, £665 and £730 respectively, including foam cushions, windscreen, steering gear, marine lights, small mast, basin and pump in galley, toilet, chain locker (Hepburn Caravan & Boat Co. Ltd.). . .

Surf-riding & water-skiing

After a day's towing the Kyling runabout (see picture) just folds away into three compact bags. Easy to erect and dismantle, all major assemblies being hinged together. Hull is made of strong, laminated Neoprene material; 10 ft. long. Four-seater. Price: £98 15s. Steering wheel, remote controls, windscreen, upholstered seats extra (Kyling of Chester). . . No fear of the splits on the Skipper sea sledge, which comes complete with towing lines. (Price: £24, Auto Marine Services Ltd., Chiswick.) . . . Ride, stand or dive with a multi-purpose surf-board—originally floating base headquarters for spear fishing. 9 ft. long by 3 ft. wide by 9 in. deep. Of hollow construction, unsinkable, takes three adults. Designed by R. T. Hartley of

New Zealand. (£27 10s. with paddle, Imray & Wilson)

Navigation aids

Radar with range of 12 miles for small boats, the price to be within reach of occasional sailors. . . . New entirely transistorized echo-sounder, capable of working from dry batteries or rechargeable accumulators. Small, light and compact, dry paper recorder-graph sounder (both from British Ferrograph Recorder Co. Ltd.). . . . Quartermaster automatic pilot which takes over steering on yachts (about £300). . . . A U.S. wind gauge (about £2, both from Arthur Beale). . . . Beme transistorized Commander marine receiver gives interference-free F.M. reception of weather and shipping



forecasts and incorporates B.F.O. for console navigation (Beme Telecommunications).

Catamarans

One blows up and can be let down for carrying on the roof of average car or back of a shooting brake. Manufactured with treated nylon. (Beltico models, from Elliot Equipment Ltd.). . . . Another design is the Waverider folding catamaran. 16 ft. long, 8 ft. wide. Takes to pieces and folds flat.

Do-it-yourself

Kit for making *Yachting World* Explorer, with fibreglass hull (supplied in one piece) and incorporating new idea in sliding gunter to give the effect of a Bermudian rig. Can also be bought complete for £198 plus £37 10s. for sail (Jack Holt, Putney). . . . In a kit, or part-built, or complete is the Seafly O.D. Class. 14 ft. 9 in. with 120 sq. ft. Bermudian (low) rig. Lightweight, frameless construction includes built-in buoy-



ancy, powerful hull design and sail plan, easily handled by lightweight crew. (£199 complete, S. Devon Boatbuilders, Dawlish). . . . Also for building (even down to moulding the fibreglass) or complete, a small catamaran in a new sponsored class (details not until the Show), designed by Macalpine-Downie—who was responsible for the Thor 4 (see picture) which won the R.Y.A. One-of-a-Kind Catamaran Series at Gosport. This new boat is 15 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft., available with fibreglass or moulded ply hull, and 175 sq. feet of sail. (Price: between £200 and £250 complete, but without sails). . . . For assembly within two or three days using only household tools, a kit for 8 ft. sailing dinghy, with 40 sq. ft. of sail. Suitable for rowing or outboard too, and easily transported. (£44 inc. sails, Blue Hulls Ltd., Cuffley, Middx.)

Cruisers

Constellation 17 ft. long single-stepped hydroplane day cruiser. 52 b.h.p. inboard-engined craft with new propeller drive & using only 1½ gallons per hour full speed. 5 ft. headroom. (£750 inclusive. Holwill Fibre Glass Craft Co., Birmingham.) . . . All-welded steel 24 ft. motor cruiser on trailer. Very tough. (About £850, without engine, from Clipper Marine Construction Co.). . . . New Huntsman 28 ft. high-speed, sea-going sports cruiser. Hull shaped by Ray Hunt of Boston. Twin diesel engines giving 28 m.p.h. Spacious; well-equipped galley, separate w.c. (£5,850 complete, Fairey Marine Ltd.).

Maintenance & accessories

A plastic two-pack paint called International Polyurethane 708. Tougher, more durable than the ordinary yacht



LORD KILBRACKEN

I'm a snowbound sailor

paints and comes in 10 colours and black and white (from International Paints). . . . Caraboat roof-rack, a newish development for carrying a dinghy, with a loading cradle on the top (Jack Holt). . . . Dual-purpose winch hauls boat on to trailer, then hauls both up to car (Tollbridge Trailers, Lymington). . . . No more heaving up the anchor, with a battery-operated windlass. Two sizes—one for river craft (A. W. Smallwood, Pwllheli). . . . A small ship's refrigerator that keeps working even when boat keels over (2½ cu. ft., about 79 gns.).

For anglers and others

Fishing punt of rigid P.V.C. is unsinkable and needs no maintenance. 14 ft. 9 in. long, 3 ft. wide, 14 in. high. Enough buoyancy to hold three adults when filled with water. (£95 fully equipped, Imray & Wilson). . . . Inflatable dinghy, worked on a new system. Made by Crewsaver Dinghy Equipment Ltd. (Gosport). . . . An 11 ft. plywood sailing dinghy for children (Arthur Beale).

Stylish sailing

Crystal Class fibre-glass sloop with four foam berths, toilet & 4 h.p. Stuart Turner engine. Alloy mast and boom with roller reefing and Terylene sails. Can have fin keel, or centreboard and lifting rudder reducing draught to 2 ft. 3 in. From Stebens (Burnham) Ltd. . . . From Hong Kong a 24 ft. 6 in. Chinese junk with



cabin (Hepburn Caravan & Boat Co., about £1,450)—see picture. . . . For coastal and inland waters, the Bell Seagull sloop (picture on opposite page at bottom). Keel is retractable. Design by Ian Proctor (£480 complete, or in kit £312, Bell Woodworking, Leicester).

It's snowing steadily as I write, and everyone's predicting that the hardest-ever winter is still ahead of us. My dinghy, "Falcon," should have been (but wasn't) brought in and laid up at least a month ago for her annual coat of paint—and for the much-needed repair of all last summer's adventures and misadventures. (Once again, I *didn't* get to the sea in her.) She is swinging on the icy floodwaters of the Derreskit—I can see her through the snowstorm—and I know she'll have a good six inches of slush and snow inside her.

My thoughts are just as far from sailing as they can be. But then I don't live among the sleet and fogs of London, so I don't have to escape by dreaming about July. The English, with their uniquely depressing winters, spend most of their dark evenings planning for the summer. Those who have a fortnight's holiday a year, or three weeks at the most, are now busily acquiring those tempting travel brochures and eagerly debating the relative merits of Villefranche, Garmisch, Helsinki, Blackpool. The gardeners are planning their summer borders, and ordering the seeds which will flower into their neighbours' August envy. The farmer—if he has the foresight which I *never* have—is dismantling his forage harvester or mowing-arm, and repairing it and renewing it and reassembling it, in preparation for the sunshiny morning, in May or early June, when he will go out to cut the first meadow.

Oarsmen and cricketers are luckier. For the oarsmen, Trial Eights and Torpids are rapidly approaching; for the cricketers there's always Australia. Not only can they be arguing in advance about the rows and disputations which Mr. Meckiff may—or may not—bring with him next season; they have a current Test series actually in progress in antipodean sunshine, and can happily get up to listen to it in the small hours of an English winter morning—there's fidelity for you!

The books which are being finished now will be read on summer beaches. Meetings at Christmas will lead to weddings in May and honeymoons in June. Babies (and, incidentally, calves) conceived last month will arrive in August. And boats inspected at the Earls Court show will be everyone's envy all summer. Gestation, in fact, is busily in progress all around us, in patient anticipation of sunshine and flowers.

Buying a boat, in any case, is a serious matter which cannot be hurried; each class, each design, each gadget will have a thousands pros and cons, to be weighed and disputed over many pints of bitter, and many pipes of Navy Cut, in the

waiting months ahead. Prices must be compared, financing arranged, an anchorage discovered, or a syndicate formed, before the great decision is made. By then it may well be April, and just about time to put her in the water.

That, of course, is the right way to do things. Which is why they have the Boat Show in mid-winter. Car-makers, you might think, have an edge over the boat-builders: after all, one always needs a car, and the same one does just as well in all seasons of the year. The manufacturers of boats, and of most goods with a seasonal appeal, have usually to display their wares at what seem the least suitable times: winter sports equipment in September (when one's thoughts are on the harvest, or pheasants, or festival cricket); winter fashions in summer, swimsuits in February and furs in August. But the dedicated boat-lover thinks about boats all the year round, so what does it matter? He takes things at a sailor's pace and he's as thorough about launching into a purchase as about making fast.

I acknowledge his superior methods, even though I can never do things that way myself. I wait until it's time to start ploughing before I even start thinking what plough I should order; I decide on a trip to Austria and leave the next day; I see a cow which I know (or believe) would suit me, and I buy her on the spot. I'm always too preoccupied with the present to think about the future, and it can't be helped if my decisions, consequently, are often late, or regrettable, or wrong.

Indeed, right now, I can hardly believe that in four or five months' time someone, probably Christopher, will say: "*Let's go for a sail! The first of the year!*"—and that we will joyously head for the lake, with sails, burgees, spinnaker booms, paddles, cameras, picnic baskets, and all the customary paraphernalia, to get 1961 going in the boat which, by then, will somehow have been painted and made good, and will be shiningly awaiting us. All I can think of is Killegar, where the woodcock are in, the bulls—Solomon and Caliban—need daily attention in preparation for their show and sale in February, and we are busily engaged on painting the saloon, repairing the roof, and tinkering with the dairy.

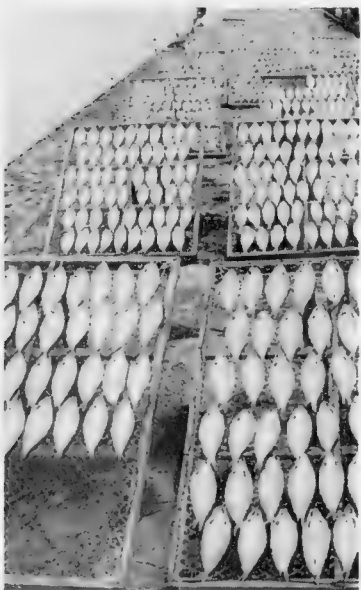
Besides, it's still snowing; an inch or more has fallen since I began, visibility is 50 yards, and I just can't bring myself to enthuse any more about boats, sails, lakes, harbours, beaches, and other midsummer madnesses. This isn't only because I can no longer see the lake from where I write; it's mainly that such a good fall of snow isn't something to be missed. I propose a solution. *You* go to the Boat Show. *I'm* going skiing!

*The country of teahouses
is still busy changing its
symbols. These pictures
portray the process as seen
by GERTI DEUTSCH*

JAPAN



NEW IMAGES



FOR OLD

Ancient skills still shape a traditional boat (opposite), but the new image of Yokohama is of modern techniques (right) and modern ships built faster than anywhere else in the world







NEW: The architecture of Kunio Maekawa (left), a pupil of Le Corbusier, brings the look of tomorrow to the new Gakushuin University in Tokyo. The pyramid is a lecture hall

OLD: The pottery of Shoji Hamada (far left), teacher of Bernard Leach, echoes ancient Korean forms. He has made the kilns of Mashiko world famous

JAPAN

NEW IMAGES FOR OLD
continued

NEW: In a career unimaginable to her well-born parents, this Tokyo University graduate (top right) teaches in an Osaka high school, and doubles as a guide to English-speaking visitors

OLD: The geisha houses still teach their formal rituals to an ample supply of recruits. This girl (right), not yet fully fledged, is a maiko in ancient Kyoto





OLD: A Kabuki dance, "Nunozarashi," based on drying silk, fills the stage with colour. It still draws Japanese but it isn't what tourists come to see

NEW: Curvaceous chorus line at the Asakusa Revue in Tokyo (opposite). The discovery of the Japanese girl under the kimono pleases Japanese as well as Hollywood and the West





OLD: Labourers and fish-mongers gather round for a game of shogi (Japanese chess) in Tokyo's district of Asakusa. Centuries-old, this chess has 81 squares and 20 pieces

NEW: Pachinko is a rage that packs the profuse pin-table booths, bringing an Oriental Las Vegas air (though the game derives from China). Here it is being filmed in Ofuna



JAPAN

NEW IMAGES FOR OLD
concluded



MAYWALL

The House of Dior lit up for Christmas

At a moment when haute couture's post-war leader passes into new hands—

THE DIOR DYNASTS

... a survey of the achievement, and an indication of the prospects for 1961



The founder—a decade lit with brilliance



1947



1949



1952

CHRISTIAN DIOR was 42 when, backed by textile millionaire Marcel Boussac, he opened his own couture House at 30 Avenue Montaigne. Behind him lay a varied life. His parents were wealthy and he was able to study alternately political science, musical composition and art and finally to open his own art gallery in Paris where he tried to sell pictures painted by his friends—among them Christian Berard, Max Jacob, Picasso, Braque, Matisse and Dufy. Today the pictures would be worth several fortunes but during the hungry thirties the effort to sell them brought him to bankruptcy. Though he failed then to gain from their work, from their friendship he acquired an appreciation of line, colour and artistic discrimination that was later to pay fabulous dividends. Necessity drove him to try fashion designing. Helped by the artist friends who taught him how to use brush and paint, he started touting his *croquis* around Paris. The first sold for 20 francs a piece. Then at 30 he discovered his metier as a couturier and was soon selling sketches to Robert Piguet who in 1938 decided to employ him as a resident designer. After the collapse of 1940

and a period of exile from Paris working on the land in the South of France he returned in 1941 as a designer to Lucien Lelong sharing the honours with another young designer, Pierre Balmain. Finally Boussac persuaded him to start on his own. Though financially in Boussac's hands, he had a free hand both artistically and in the choice of staff, premises and décor. Dior's strength lay in knowing precisely what he wanted. His taste and judgment had been formed by years of association with the greatest artists, actors, musicians and designers of Paris and by 1947 he was ready to launch the decade of fashion that will always be known as the "Dior Period." His first New Look phase restored femininity to women after the abbreviated mannish clothes of the war years. The allegiance thus gained was hardly shaken by the more controversial styles of later years sketched on this page by Sheila Bridgland—the A-line, the Tulip-line and the Trapeze. Only death it seemed could shake the ascendancy of the House of Dior and when it came—suddenly in October, 1957—it brought catastrophe in the world of haute couture to the Avenue Montaigne.



1953



1954



1955



1956

1958



1958



1958



1959



1959



1960



THE DIOR DYNASTS *continued*



ST. LAURENT'S TEAM, the inherited Ecole Dior, from left, Mme. Mitza Bricard, Mme. Marguerite Carre, Mme. Raymonde Zehnacher

YVES MATHIEU SAINT-LAURENT, shy, studious, a bachelor of philosophy succeeded to the Dior empire, at the age of 22. He had worked for the four years preceding Dior's death as an assistant designer at the Avenue Montaigne and now overnight he became dictator not only of the clothes women wore but their shoes, stockings, jewellery, hats, gloves, corsets and furs. Dior branches in London, New York, Mexico, Chile, Venezuela, Australia and Canada awaited his first decrees. From the Avenue Montaigne came the cautious announcement that the team created by Dior—his Ecole Dior—"would continue to play the role for which M. Dior had taught and prepared each of them and it is in this way, with no outside influence coming to trouble the harmony created by M. Dior that the future collections will have the best chances to be the exact reflection of what he would have liked, wished for and desired to create." Who were its members? Mme. Raymonde Zehnacher of whom Dior said: "She is my other half. She plays Reason to my Fantasy and holds the reins of the business in her firm and capable grasp;" Mme. Mitza Bricard "for whom elegance is her sole raison d'être . . . I knew her presence in my House would inspire me

The first successor



ST. LAURENT'S LINE from 1958 (above) to 1960 (opposite) was gay, often extravagant, always inventive. But none of it took

towards creation as much by her revolts against my ideas, as by her agreements"; Mme. Marguerite Carre, "Dame Fashion in person, my new première for whom I created the post of directrice technique."

At first it seemed that the formula would work. L'Officiel triumphantly crowed after the first St. Laurent collection, "The spiritual heritage of Christian Dior is carried on by his school. The torch that talented hands have carried high over ten years . . . shines anew between the sensitive fingers of Yves Saint Laurent, his young and fervent disciple."

But after three short years the torch became sadly dimmed. In spite of a vast publicity campaign the House of Dior was forced to abdicate from its long dictatorship of fashion. Saint Laurent himself lies ill in a clinic after a nervous breakdown that caused the French authorities to grant him an Army discharge. It is certain that he will never return to the Avenue Montaigne. What went wrong? Did the Ecole Dior have too much influence or not enough? Or was it simply that to expect a young man of 22, however brilliant potentially, to have the taste, discrimination and staying power of an experienced man of 40, was asking the impossible?



MICHEL MOULNARE





THE DIOR DYNASTS *concluded*

The third man

MARC BOHAN is now preparing his first collection for the House of Dior with the triumphs of its founder and its more recent failures to guide him. At 34, he is a few years older than Dior when he first decided to become a couturier and like him he also began as assistant designer for the House of Robert Piguet. A Parisian, Bohan inherited his love of fashion from his mother who was also a designer. His further apprenticeship took him as assistant designer to Madeleine de Rauch and Molyneux where he remained until that House closed down. He then joined Jean Patou where he worked as chief designer from 1953-1957. During this period he broke away and started his own house of his own in Paris for one short disastrous season. The debacle does not necessarily reflect on his ability. Many creative artists are bad business men and without a first-class organization behind them have little chance of success. None of these administrative or financial problems will apply *chez* Dior where he should be able to indulge his passion for sumptuous materials without bothering too much about the cost. Bohan joined the Dior organisation as assistant to Yves Saint Laurent in 1958 and was given the job of designing the London collection. He found this frustrating since he was given no scope for initiative either in design or in the choice of materials. He resigned and was asked to return to Paris as designer for the House of Revillon, when Saint Laurent's illness caused fresh consternation in the Avenue Montaigne. At the moment Bohan is comparatively unknown but soon his name may be a household word. To date he has remained withdrawn and incommunicative—no unusual thing in a couturier on the point of launching a new collection, particularly under the circumstances obtaining at Dior—but the answers he gave to the questionnaire alongside, though in some cases monosyllabic, give some indication of the lines along which he may be working. But the result and the verdict on Bohan's first collection as reigning monarch in the Avenue Montaigne must wait till the spring showings at the end of this month.

Maureen Williamson

Do you feel that fashion in the last few years has become unfeminine and even ugly?

No.

Do you feel that the "line" should completely ignore the natural contours of a woman's body and in fact even contradict them?

It should not contradict, but could modify.

How long do you feel it will be before women and/or couturiers get tired of pared down lines, collarless, cuffless clothes with easy fitting or no waistlines, and we return to real dressmaking and tailoring?

Nobody can say it.

Do you feel that the hard pressure of the American manufacturers and other commercial buyers is forcing the couturiers into designing easily copied clothes?

No.

Dior said, "no fashion inspired by the dictates of commerce would have a chance of surviving, still less of succeeding and developing." Do you agree with this?

Yes.

Will you have a completely free hand in the designing of the spring couture collection or will you be strongly advised and even on occasion overridden by "l'Ecole Dior"?

I will be quite free.

What are your interests outside fashion?

Furniture and decoration.

Do you believe the couturier should mix in society and be frequently moving among the wealthy women who wear his clothes?

Yes.

Can a couturier be really successful artistically if he dislikes women?

A couturier seldom dislikes women.

What is your favourite period in the history of fashion?

The Renaissance.

Never before in the tradition of feminine beauty has the slim, under-developed, boyish figure been considered the epitome of beauty and elegance. How long do you think that this will remain the case?

Fashion is a constant evolution. But there is not a determined boyish figure.

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

A Dior postscript on accessories

Christian Dior, in his book *Dior by Dior*, said that he wanted a woman to be able to leave his boutique (in Paris) dressed by it from head to foot, even carrying a present for her husband in her hand. Today Dior accessories cover corsetry, scarves, gloves, hats, jewellery, stockings, perfume, shoes (designed by Roger Vivier), men's dressing gowns, ties & scarves. Recently knitwear has been added; this should reach London stores, such as Marshall & Snelgrove, at the end of February.

Many accessories sold in Paris are exported all over the world. Dior's first boutique, designed by his friend Christian Bérard, had walls covered in Toile de Jouy, and Dior accessories are shown here on a similar background in blue & gold on white glazed chintz called "Harvest Toile" (also other colours). Made by Ramsden, Son & Crocker, width 30 in.; about 15s. in leading stores and interior decorators. From top, left: Hat in coffee paillason with new quadrangle-shaped crown, has a deep turn-back cuff and is trimmed with a pileau of matching grosgrain: 9½ gns., Harrods, S.W.1; Rackhams, Birmingham. Pendant necklace in ruby-coloured and plain rhinestones, with matching brooch. Necklace £23, brooch £5 10s. (also matching ear-rings and bracelet, not shown). From selection at Marshall & Snelgrove.

Brown patent leather shoe, designed by Roger Vivier, has slim high heel and rounded-off toe with smoothly flattened roof: 9 gns., Delman, 16 Old Bond Street. Spotted or striped boxes on a blue & white pure silk scarf with deep border of echoing French blue: 4½ gns. (also in other colours). Marshall & Snelgrove. Dior scarves come in a special folder tied in a white satin box (shown behind scarf). Pair of Dior's new "lace" stockings. 15 denier, in a nigger brown, or pale cedar: 15s. 6d. from leading stores.

All Dior ties are made of heavy-lined silks, some of which are less conventional chinés and façonnés. From 29s. 6d. to 49s. 6d. Dressing-gowns are three-quarter length with padded shawl collar, cuffs, deep pockets and open pleats at back, tied sash in front. In featherlight silk, or silk and wool or woven silk. New colour this year is silver grey. From 9 to 22 gns. Ties, dressing-gowns and scarves available at Harrods, and large department stores and retail shops in the provinces. Fishers, Burlington Arcade, have ties and scarves only.

"Miss Dior" scent in a white & gold opaline bottle comes in a wine-red velvet casket, lined with satin. £34 10s. from leading stores. From a selection of Dior gloves (bracelet or shorty) at The White House, a "shorty" in silk-lined ginger calf, 4 gns. White wicker shelf, could be hung, £8, from Elizabeth Eaton, Basil Street.



ALL over Britain the national cult of pantomime is being renewed in the majority of the country's surviving 200 theatres—and in cinemas and TV studios as well. Not everyone would agree with Sir Max Beerbohm that it is "the one art-form that has been invented in England, an art-form specially adapted to English genius." The fact is that it flummoxes foreigners and nauseates many natives, especially in towns where it monopolizes the stage for most of the winter. Yet not only is it still, by all accounts, the safest investment in provincial theatre and the introduction to playgoing for most English children, but it is also a mine of specialist lore preserved and turned to account by a body of men and women who rarely appear on the stage. For this is the season of the



PANTOMIME PEOPLE

who train the ponies and the dancing children, rig the wires and harness for the aerial ballet and make sure that Cinderella's pumpkin really does turn into a golden coach. Their skills remain though pantomime itself is constantly changing and the past 10 years alone have seen the passing of the girl Principal Boy and the rise and fall of the fairy-tale on ice skates

DANCING JUVENILES are the charge of Miss Phyllis Blakstone who for 20 years has trained the children in Emile Littler's pantomimes. In September she sets out from her Bromley home on a circuit of the towns where Mr. Littler is staging a panto—two in the London suburbs this year and five in the provinces—visits a chosen dancing school and picks a dozen girls of the right talent and height ("very small girls are always in demand"). From then until curtain-up her time is fully engaged transforming a gaggle of little girls into a troupe of Littler dancers. Since she began her career as a kind of seasonal Mother Superior technical standards have risen: "nowadays the girls have to be that much better than the children in the audience." Strict regulations govern the offstage lives of her fledglings. Their rooms are carefully vetted: they have to work at their lessons; a matron is responsible for their physical and moral health; they must obtain medical and school reports from the local council; and a part of their earnings must (by law) be banked in the Post Office (every Babe or Tot is obliged to have a savings book of her own). Out of some 2,500 children whom she's trained, says Miss Blakstone, "I can't remember one—not one—who's ever failed an exam." Regional differences still persist: "Plymouth children are tall, Manchester ones are always tiny, and seaside ones are plump." But whatever their size or accent, she reports ruefully, they can be little horrors. Miss Blakstone insists that she was one herself, as a precocious infant prodigy making her debut at 12 on the Palace Pier, Brighton, as a fairy in *Aladdin*. Later she emigrated from the world of pantomime, and spent several years dancing around Europe. "I can't think of a city where I haven't been." None of her own children—twins of 15, and a boy of 12—has the slightest interest in a theatrical career, to her own relief.

Research by **RICHARD FINDLATER** and

photographs by **CRISPIAN WOODGATE**

PANTOMIME PEOPLE

continued

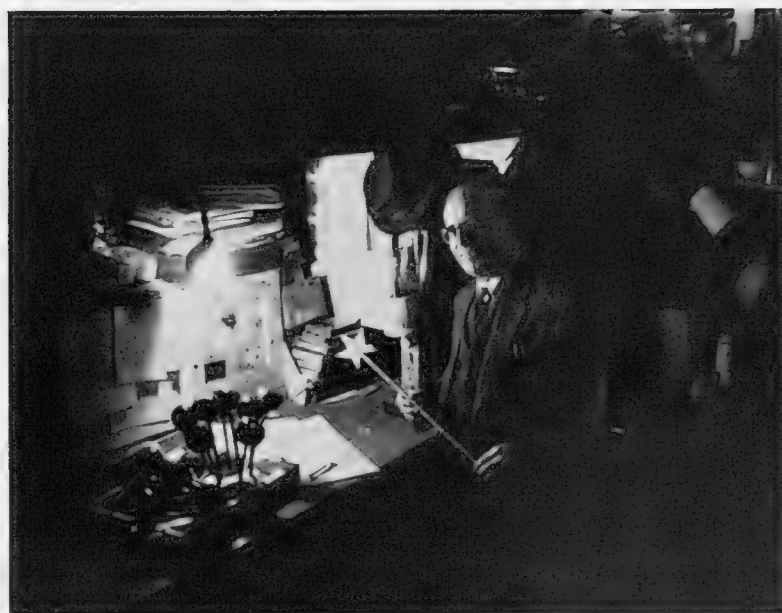


WATER BO'SUN is Scotsman Mr. Jimmy Currie, represented (alongside) by the Fountains of Trevi, who does a thriving trade during the panto season by renting out "fountains and cascades of every description." Good irrigation in fairyland is apparently good box office, and a handy sub-Niagara on hire can bring a transformation scene to a satisfactory watery climax just before the interval—the stage can be cleared in five minutes. This Christmas, apart from providing Wolverhampton with "waltzing waters" and giving flood-marked Exeter a chance of watching certifiably non-wetting H_2O in safety, Mr. Currie is helping to ensure a really rough passage to Morocco for Dick Whittington in London. He is also drawing aqua-rent from nightly inundations—through Patents 605499 and 680235—in Sunderland, Manchester and Glasgow. Jimmy Currie started in show business as a programme boy for Harry Lauder. Later he became one of the first cinema operators in Scotland; he ran concert parties and revues; and in the 1930's sent out pantomimes on tour around Scotland. "I was always on the managerial side," says Mr. Currie, but admits—under pressure—to one appearance on stage in one of his own pantos as a Scots shepherd, down in the glen. His career in cascades, Mr. Currie gives a terse explanation: "Necessity, just necessity. I was flat on my uppers and I had to think of something new. My mind went back about 60 years ago, when all the circuses had water scenes." But Mr. Currie's contribution to the history of water-theatre was to improve a method of moving it around. His expertise has earned him overseas commissions like the Paris Lido waterfall and cascades in Beirut and Las Vegas.

GOOSE GIRL is Miss Barbara Newman, currently the most active survivor in panto's dwindling human menagerie. Ever since Dan Leno's time one of the starring roles has been that of Priscilla, the magic layer of golden eggs in Mother Goose but for most of the century she has been impersonated, as it were, by ganders. Miss Newman's Priscilla—to be seen this year at Westcliff—is a product of the Disney era, and—according to her creator's inside information—is apt to sound like Donald Duck. But her repertoire is generally limited to such appropriately goosey arias as "There Once Was an Ugly Duckling" and "I Taut I Taw a Puddy Tat." Miss Newman always insists on her own theme music—"It's Massenet's 'Meditation'—so much better than 'Hearts and Flowers'." Miss Newman has to spend many hours in the care and maintenance of Priscilla, repairing her webbed feet; repainting her beak; mending her feather drawers; whitening her wings with French chalk; replacing bald patches with feathers from a Buckinghamshire factory—Priscilla's golden eggs are usually provided by the management. It's difficult to see where you're going in the skin. If you fall, you can't get up again without help. And it's very, very hot, like a twice-daily Turkish bath. Not surprisingly, Miss Newman spent last Christmas outside Priscilla: "I got a bit bored with her"—by "hostessing at a hotel."

AIR OFFICER commanding pantomime's flying ballet is Mr. Joseph Kirby. All over Britain this year, as throughout the century, fairies will be taking the air corseted in Kirby "saddles" and suspended on Kirby half-inch wires (made of 72 strands). The supremacy of the Kirby clan began in the 1890's, when Joseph Kirby's father designed an improved "harness." A troupe of Tiller girls introduced it at the Blackpool Opera House in a pantomime called Sassy Susan, and in panto it has stayed—with some modifications—for nearly 70 years. Kirby père showed his expertise when Sir James Barrie was planning Peter Pan. Says Mr. Kirby: "Several firms tried to carry out the flying without success, but my father succeeded at his first trial." Since that first production of Peter Pan in 1904, the Kirbys have taken charge of the flying—not only in England but in America too. "Mary Martin is one of the best flyers I've ever had," says Mr. Kirby. "You could do anything for a woman like that." He made his own first flights about the age of six in a disused swimming bath in South London, together with his seven brothers and sisters. Their father wrote several little flying sketches and toured them round the halls. Later he became a boy singer then entered the family business. At 16 he was flying Shakespeare's fairies on Broadway in A Midsummer Night's Dream, and now a dapper, youthful septuagenarian, he runs a one-man business from his home in Hove. Apart from launching the supernatural folk of panto into space, Mr. Kirby has also flown—among others—the Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Gracie Fields, and Noddy. He has worked for Covent Garden, the Old Vic, films & ice shows.





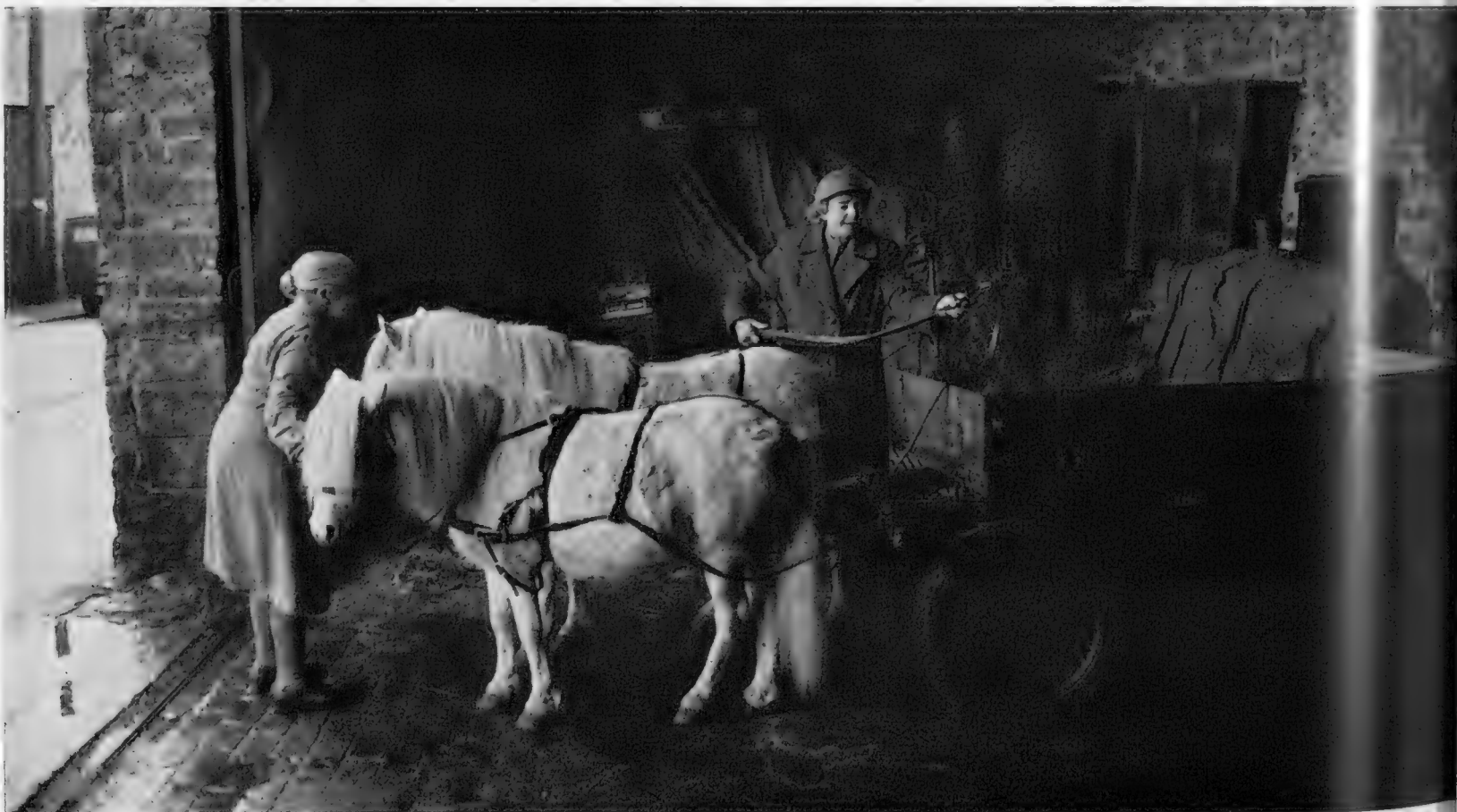
PROPERTY MAN at the London Palladium is Mr. George Drury (above) whose watchful eye guards such indispensable get-rich-quick symbols as Aladdin's lamp and Jack's beanstalk, as well as glittering monsters of the deep and eye-popping fantasies of flight. Once upon a time everything needed for a big panto was made on the spot, but nowadays outside contractors supply most of the props and Mr. Drury's domain has contracted to a small alcove backstage which has to be cleared nightly because of fire regulations. Still, the annual spectacular presents this veteran of 30 pantos and his staff (increased from two to 12) with a bewildering variety of chores—among them the welfare of the Woofle Poofs, those outsize creepy-crawlies which dash in and out of the woodwork of the Haunted House or Widow Twankey's Laundry. Though Mr. Drury ensures that every Woofle Poof is fireproof, they can expect no more than a month of glory. This high death rate is due to wear and tear of being tugged around on fishing lines by Mr. Drury's staff. Fireproofing, of course, is demanded by law; but Mr. Drury recalls that old-fashioned panto took risks that would give a modern fire inspector hysterics. Today when an evil spirit enters, his traditional puff of smoke comes from a patent box of flash powder lighted by electricity. Years ago the arrival and departure of a Demon King was managed differently. "You used to take a lighted taper in one hand, and then throw a handful of powdered rosin across it." Mr. Drury made his own stage debut at 13 in old-time panto with a Harlequinade of Pierrot, Columbine and Pantaloon on the Palace Pier, Brighton. His family were theatrical outfitters in the town and he started working in the scenery and prop-making business as a boy.

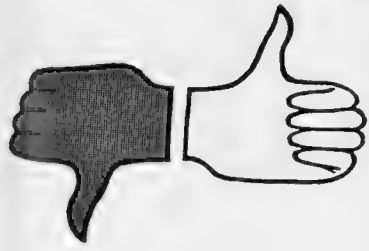
PANTOMIME PEOPLE

continued

MAGIC PONIES that take Cinderella to the ball in the pantomime at the Adelphi are provided by Miss Ruby Vinning (right in the picture below) who keeps above a score of them back home in Little Brinton, Northants, and attends them as a footman on stage. "I believe I always preferred ponies to teddy bears when I was little," says Miss Vinning thoughtfully, explaining her vocation. She began training ponies for public display after a hunting field accident when she was told she might never be able to ride again. The Cinderella story began with an Arab stallion called Shahla described as "awkward" by his former owners who assured Miss Vinning that he would probably try to kill her at the earliest opportunity. Miss Vinning cheerfully took the chance and founded her stud with the help of "two or three little Shetland mares who were always trotting around at home." This year Shahla's grandson is in the shafts of Cinderella's coach. Says Miss Vinning: "My ponies are my children and they love going to pantomimes." Long before the human cast have begun even to think of rehearsals, the ponies are learning to cope. "I play them records of the kind of music they'll hear in Cinderella, and I put on the radio for them every day about the same times so that they'll get the sounds of music and applause in the theatre." During nearly 20 years of supplying panto ponies Miss Vinning has never known one to panic. "We do every mortal thing not to startle them. Somebody sleeps with them all the time they're away from home." Stabling is a perennial problem in the season, but "the breweries have always been very kind to us."

MAGIC WORDS and straight dialogue come from Mr. David Croft seen (below) with his wife and daughter Ann on Clymping beach, Sussex. Mr. Croft has broken with the outworn tradition that required only scraps of mummified dialogue to keep a wobbling story-line together through speciality acts and comic routines. As far back as July he sat down in his Clymping manor-house (part Tudor, part Georgian) to rewrite the story of Dick Whittington, after briefing by Robert Nesbitt and consultation with Norman Wisdom, this year's Palladium star. Says Mr. Croft incisively: "Every word will be provided by me. The day of the ad lib is over." Many managers are eliminating girl-Boys, and male Dames are waning, too. To Mr. Croft this is an enormous improvement: "Who wants to see two girls holding hands and singing love songs to each other? I don't think the old conventions really matter. The public doesn't notice, anyway, if the fairies come in from the left or the right." But Mr. Croft still allows the supernaturals to talk at times in rhyming couplets, and he professes a firm belief in telling the story. "You get some nasty shocks if you look back to the originals. I checked up on Aladdin, and I must say I was appalled." But then pantomime—especially the Palladium brand—isn't primarily for children at all. While writing the script Mr. Croft tries out his own jokes on two of his three children. The third, at four months, is not quite ready for panto fun. Apart from writing the book, Mr. Croft also collaborates with Cyril Ornadel on the songs, but he doesn't start seriously on those until a week or so before rehearsals.





VERDICTS

The play

The Playboy Of The Western World. St. Martin's Theatre. (Siobhan McKenna, Donal Donnelly, Ronald Welsh, Eithne Dunne, Brian O'Higgins.)

The films

La Dolce Vita. Director Federico Fellini. (Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Lex Barker, Yvonne Furneaux, Anouk Aimee.)

Shoot The Pianist. Director Francois Truffaut. (Charles Aznavour, Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois.)

The books

Sun Summoned By Bells, by John Beteman. (Murray, 16s.)

The Artist & His World, by Julian Trevelyan. (Collins, 12s. 6d.)

Flowers For Special Occasions, by Betty Massingham. (Collingridge, 21s.)

Ourelves To Know, by John O'Hara. (Cresset, 21s.)

Memoirs Of An Armchair, by Violet Trefusis & Philippe Julian. (Hutchinson, 21s.)

The Turbulent Thirties, by J. C. Trewin. (Macdonald, 35s.)

15 Wonders Of The World, by René Poirier, Tr. Margaret Crossland. (Gollancz, 25s.)

Bird In Camera, by Karoly Koffan. (Barry & Rockliff, 27s. 6d.)

Hunting By Ear, by D. W. E. Brock, Michael Berry & Ludwig Koch. (Witherby, 35s.)

The records

Music Maestro Please, by Erroll Garner.

Earl's Pearls, by Earl Hines.

Quintets, by Thelonius Monk.

Swinging Brass, by Oscar Peterson.

Latin Affair, by George Shearing.

The galleries

Conversation With Clemente

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON

THEATRE

Synge would have enjoyed this

THE BIG THING DONE AT THIS YEAR'S Dublin Festival was to revive—really to revive—**The Playboy Of The Western World.** This unlikely and delightful achievement was at once brought over to the Piccadilly for what was expected would be a short season. London audiences had last glimpsed Synge's comic masterpiece through the charming but tantalizing veil of a musical version, and recent experience told them that Irish ensemble acting was dead and gone. They were surprised into enchantment by the brilliant acting and the joyous authenticity of Miss Shelagh Richards's production. A fresh stage was found at the St. Martin's Theatre, and the season is to extend into the first half of January.

In one important respect the revival is even better than it seemed in Dublin. Miss Siobhan McKenna, Ireland's *grande dame*, is a masterful Pegeen Mike. She is masterful in exactly the right way. Marie O'Neill used in her heyday, it was said, to suggest misleadingly that the girl was just as wonderful as her inspired lover made her out to be—one such as the holy prophets would be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on, the lady Helen of Troy and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl. But the play is a marvel of artificiality like its author's style, and Christy Mahon's imagery loses half its force when it becomes rational and sincere.

Miss McKenna refuses to follow the ruinous example of her great predecessor. She represents Pegeen as a wild, ignorant, healthily good-looking girl with scarlet hair tumbling to her waist, lovely and

desirable enough but still a girl who can serve poteen in pint mugs as to the manner born and without condescension. So determined is she to establish the barmaid in the girl that Christy transfigures with his flowery figures of speech that some will think that she is in the early passages a little over-masterful, a little too bossy, almost strident; but this possible fault of emphasis is soon lost in a performance that grows in magnificent vitality from scene to scene.

The trouble in Dublin was that the magnitude of Miss McKenna's interpretation set the play slightly askew. It became the tragedy of Pegeen Mike, not the flowering of Christy Mahon. The fault did not lie with the actress, but with the actor who found it difficult to match the quality of her playing. This criticism is no longer valid. Mr. Donal Donnelly has improved immensely on his original performance and manages now to hold his own with the utmost tenacity. He now imparts a gloriously comic momentum to the Playboy's progress. The shy down-at-heel who slinks into the seedy bar with the furtive look of a pariah dog can have no notion what lies before him. Mr. Donnelly makes every unexpected happening a source of fresh wonder. The Playboy is to discover that a vaunted murder is in these parts a passport to adulation and fame and that the frothy eloquence which is second nature to him may have the power to conquer a woman's heart.

But the actor makes it clear that even when Christy has undergone the failure of all his schemes, the artist who has discovered himself is untouched by worldly defeat. Miss McKenna's interpretation keeps its power, but we no longer feel that the magnitude of her performance upsets the balance of the comedy. Christy's exit "to a romancing lifetime" is a gesture of triumph, and Pegeen's famous last line, which Miss McKenna speaks beautifully, is the girl's acknowledgement that she has been nothing more for him than a theme for love. The Playboy's love-making is not love, but love of the words love uses, and Pegeen, or another, will do for this lover.

Miss Richards demonstrates in this production that Irish actors can still be found to work memorably together as a team. Most of the minor parts make handsome little contributions to the whole. Mr. Ronald Welsh is particularly good as Pegeen's loutish fiancé, Mr. Brian O'Higgins, as Christy's father, is a splendid piece of comic retribution and Miss Eithne Dunne's Widow Quin brings to the surface more clearly than is usual the fact that the widow is a woman who has destroyed her man in the commonplace circumstances of actual murder. Miss Dunne is surely right in letting this memory reveal itself in a sudden whiff of womanly pity for the boy she believes to be one of her kind.



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

SADLER'S WELLS STARS Jon Weaving & Anna Pollak, as Eisenstein and Prince Orlofsky, in the current revival of *Die Fledermaus*, Johann Strauss's gay operetta that had its first performance in Vienna in 1874

The holiday shows

Pantomimes

CINDERELLA, by Rodgers & Hammerstein. Jimmy Edwards, Arthur Howard, Joan Heal, Gillian Lynne. (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611.)

TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON. Norman Wisdom, Yana, Desmond Walter-Ellis. (London Palladium, GER 7373.)

Children's

TOAD OF TOAD HALL. Gerald Campion, Richard Goolden. (Westminster Theatre, VIC 0283.) To 21 January.

EMIL & THE DETECTIVES. John Bosch, Norman Seace, Gerard Menuhin, Mike Hall. (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656.) To 28 January.

PETER PAN. Julia Lockwood, Juliet Mills. (Scala, MUS 5731.) To 21 January.

BILLY BUNTER'S SWISS ROLL. Michael Anthony, Derek Sydney, Keith Marsh. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Matinees only. To 7 January.

THE MISADVENTURES OF MR. PICKWICK. Michael Lewis, Reg Wagland. (Unity Theatre, EUS 5391.) To 22 January.

THE CORAL KING & THE PROVOKING OF PANTALOON. (Rudolph Steiner Hall, PAD 9967. Matinees, Wednesdays, 10.45 a.m.) To 12 January.

THE IMPERIAL NIGHTINGALE. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.) To 14 January.

Circus

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS. (Olympia, FUL 3333.) To 4 February.

Ice show

SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS ON ICE. (Wembley Stadium, WEM 1234.) To end of February.

Ballet & light opera

CINDERELLA. Nerina, Seymour. (Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, COV 1066.) Three more performances to 7 January.

THE NUTCRACKER. Wright, Burr, Ferri, Richards. (Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.) To 14 January.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN. (Prince's Theatre, TEM 6596.) Season to 18 February.

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD. June Bronhill, Suzanne, Steele. (Sadler's Wells Theatre, TER 1672/3.) To 31 December.

HOORAY FOR DAISY!, by Julian Slade & Dorothy Reynolds. (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 5526.) To end of January.

Shakespeare

TWELFTH NIGHT. Stratford Memorial Theatre Company. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Douglas Campbell, Alec McCowen, Gwen Watford. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.) To mid-February.

Crazy Gang

THE YOUNG IN HEART. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

Films

THE ALAMO. John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Astoria, GER 5385.)

LA DOLCE VITA. Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg. (Columbia, REG 5414; & Curzon, GRO 3737.)

THE PURE HELL OF ST. TRINIAN'S. Cecil Parker, Joyce Grenfell. (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011.)

THE MIRACLE. Carole Baker, Roger Moore. (Warner, GER 3423.)

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Disney film. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG. Nancy Kwan, William Holden. (Plaza, WHI 8944.)

NEVER ON SUNDAY. Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

SATURDAY NIGHT & SUNDAY MORNING. Albert Finney, Shirley Anne Field. (Berkeley, MUS 8150.)

ELSPETH GRANT ON

CINEMA

These Romans are dismal, deep down

BROODING OVER SIGNOR FEDERICO Fellini's much discussed film, *La Dolce Vita*—and even recalling that a hearty British female reporter, arriving late at a party, once stunned an entire gathering with a blithe cry of "Sorry I couldn't get here before, chaps: I've been to a suicide!"—it seems to me that the British press compares favourably with the Italian, if the latter really carries on as here indicated.

Roman gossip writers, it would appear, are a lecherous lot, ready at all times to leap into bed with anyone of the opposite sex, from a prostitute to a princess. When on muck-raking duty they are everywhere followed by a ravening pack of photographers who beg to be in on the latest scandal, sneak up on and "snap" nightclub guests in compromising proximity, mob newly bereaved widows and will go to any lengths to get a really gruesome shot of a murdered baby. I suppose their excuse for their disgusting behaviour is the same as a vulture's—that they have to eat: I think I'd rather starve.

The central character in Signor Fellini's long, episodic film is Marcello (Signor Marcello Mastroianni), a scandal sheet's gossip gleaner, whose endless infidelities make his mistress (Mlle. Yvonne Furneaux) so mad that she tries to poison herself. She is a jealous and demanding girl but he seems attached to her.

This does not prevent him from making love to a rich, bored society woman (Mlle. Anouk Aimée)—who, for a whim, chooses to sleep with him in a prostitute's bed in a squalid basement. Nor does it stop him from attempting to seduce a visiting Swedish-American film star—Froken Anita Ekberg, displaying, besides a vast expanse of bosom and a fine pair of legs, an unexpected gift for comedy. —I found this episode the most entertaining: though the feather-brained star looks as voluptuous as all get out, she has no interest in sex—and the midnight dance she leads the frustrated Marcello is very funny indeed.

The most disturbing episode concerns Marcello's friend, Steiner (M. Alain Cuny), a rich and cultured man, happily married and the father of two children. He would appear to have everything the heart could desire—yet, to Marcello's bewilderment and horror, he one

day shoots both his children and himself, presumably in a fit of despair over the future of the world.

There is a curious tenderness about Marcello's meeting with his father (Signor Annibale Ninchi)—a provincial wine merchant whom he entertains at a drab cabaret and encourages to amuse himself with one of the hostesses. The old man is taken ill at the girl's flat but pulls himself together to catch the early morning train: helpless and distressed, Marcello, watching him go, sorrowfully reflects that he has never really known his father.

The sequences frowned upon by the Roman Catholic Church are possibly three. "The Night of the Miracle"—with hysterical crowds flocking to a Roman suburb where two horrible little children claim to have seen the Madonna—could be one, though Signor Fellini, with unusual tact, does allow a cleric to protest against the unseemly sensationalism of the proceedings.

Another could be that showing the jaded aristocracy at its lowest ebb: after a party where almost everybody is suffocating with ennui, members of the highest society visit a "haunted" villa, some to seek ghostly and others fleshly thrills, before drifting off through a wan dawn to early Mass.

The third is probably the final exhibition of witless depravity at an "orgy" organized by Marcello—now thoroughly debased by the rottenness around him. He is the ringleader in a romp of surpassing dreariness: Miss Nadia Grey does an inexpert striptease to celebrate the annulment of her marriage; homosexual boys who could not be less interested stand by bewailing the fact that their make-up is melting in the heat—and Marcello lies on the back of a drunken tot who crawls around the room on all fours until she drops. If this sort of unutterable tedium represents "The Sweet Life," I will take a treadmill.

What I remember with the greatest pleasure in Signor Fellini's film is the sunny opening shot. A statue of Christ is being flown across Rome, suspended from a helicopter: the figure swoops towards one out of the sky—the arms spread wide in a gesture of benediction. It is most beautiful and uplifting. And then we come down to earth and the dismal sinners.

Signor Fellini does not criticize them—indeed there is great compassion in his approach—but I find them not very interesting. There is undeniably a poetic quality to the film—but the odour of *Les Fleurs du Mal* is not my favourite scent. Do not let me for a moment lead you to believe that this is anything but a major, and often quite magical, work. It is, perhaps, just that I don't find life and people as hopeless and depressing as Signor Fellini makes them appear. The acting of everybody, down to the merest bit-player, is quite superb.



APPEARANCES DECEIVE in the sordid saga of *La Dolce Vita*. Top: Not an idyll of young love, but Marcello and Maddalena (Marcello Mastroianni & Anouk Aimée) who live only for kicks. Above: Not a raucous quarrel, but a visiting star (Anita Ekberg) singing to her dancing partner (Lex Barker)

In *Shoot The Pianist*, the young French director, M. Francois Truffaut, has abandoned the realistic style he adopted in *The 400 Blows* and now gives us a wry, tricky tragi-comedy about a shy little café pianist, charmingly played by M. Charles Aznavour. This melancholy little soul was once a successful concert pianist—but when he discovered he owed his big chance to his wife's infidelity with his impresario he left her, she committed suicide and he withdrew into obscurity. He finds no peace—becomes, instead, grotesquely involved with his blacksheep brothers, a couple of criminal types who have double-crossed their partners in a robbery and are now on the run. This is an odd little piece but not without a certain fascination.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON

BOOKS

Any snobs around can shut up

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY FOUND two or three copies of Betjeman's *Summoned by Bells* nestling among the dropping pine-needles, now is the moment to swop your book-token for it. The book seems to me a superb synthesis of everything

we now know to be Betjeman's Own—the childhood landscape he has mapped and signed so often in the past, the seaside-holiday world and the aesthetics' Oxford of which he is now the accredited remembrancer.

I can't quite see why anyone should feel astonished at the cunningly contrived flatness of tone, and only the simpleton snobs will fall into the grave error of crying down Mr. Betjeman for being England's number one Pop Poet, the darling of the middlebrow middle classes. It is compulsively readable (so, for that matter, is *Macbeth*) and if I have a small, sharp, private regret for the marvelous big fat beautiful prose autobiography Mr. Betjeman might have given us—with incidental poems—it doesn't mean that I'm in the least ungrateful for *Summoned by Bells* the way it is.

Just about my top choice for the children's book token would be *The Artist and His World*, by Julian Trevelyan, a lively, intelligent, responsible and highly personal guide to the entire business—including the critics and the galleries—of being a painter. It never condescends, it is in no way a do-it-yourself manual, it has a strong autobiographical line running through it, and it wonderfully succeeds in finding a tone of voice that is adapted to a younger audience without ever ceasing to be adult and idiosyncratic.

My own overwhelming problem with flower-arrangement has never gone beyond finding enough of the pretty things themselves, not to mention something roughly the right shape to put them in. I nevertheless—or maybe therefore—have a curious passion, based on deep fantasy, for the books that tell you how to turn the whole business into a minor art. Betty Massingham's *Flowers for Special Occasions* gave me an enjoyable vision of myself arranging leek heads and pampas grass for harvest festivals. *Ourselves to Know*, by John O'Hara, is a gigantic and to me deeply confusing novel in which the Pennsylvanian narrator is chiefly but far from single-mindedly, concerned with the events in the life of a man 50 years older than himself. This man, not the narrator, shoots his disagreeable wife, and not a moment too soon, which is the only thing I am certain about in the whole vast saga. There must be something about Mr. O'Hara's work, but so far I can only think of its stunning weight. . . . *Memoirs of an Armchair*, by Violet Trefusis and Philippe Jullian, is possibly fascinating if you care for the idea of prattling furniture. The chair—naturally a signed *bergère*—is sat on by Louis XV, Byron, Diaghilev and Lady Diana Cooper, and makes a brief stage appearance in *Spectre de la Rose*. Bébé and Cecil whizz in and out. Philippe Jullian's patrician *croulants* are by now so far gone you

expect them to start decomposing on the page.

The Turbulent Thirties, by J. C. Trewin, with photographs from the Mander & Mitchenson collection, is about the English theatre in the decade before the war, and has a sort of mournful magic—Owen Nares and Marie Tempest, one each side of a grand piano in 1933, Margaret Rawlings resisting terror in black underwear in 1937, Francis Lederer in leather shorts and knee-socks in 1931, Bergner all curled up and laughing pixily at Hugh Sinclair: the Tyrol was tops in popularity, and nobody expected Simpson, Wesker and Pinter.

The Fifteen Wonders of the World, by René Poirier, translated by Margaret Crosland, is an entertaining book about the astonishing and improbable miracles made by engineers. Versailles, the Pyramids the Roman roads and the Great Wall of China have all lasted long enough to appear romantic and magic; another five centuries ought to lend glamour to the London Underground and the Oak Ridge Atomic Power Project, always supposing we all last out. . . .

It's not just resentful, moody caged budgerigars that terrify me, but birds in general, who have beady eyes, cold expressionless faces, and make unnecessarily sudden lunging movements when least expected. *Birds in Camera*, by Karoly Koffan, is a brilliant book illustrated with extraordinary high-speed photographs, and does everything possible to confirm my deep distrust of the tiny creatures, most of whom here appear either screaming for food or carrying unspeakable wriggling provender around in their bony beaks.

The introduction says how lovely it would be if "with the onset of spring we go to meet the birds singing on their return flight, and walk through the woods as the first green begins to sprout, able to recognize our bird-friends, not only from their plumage, but from their voices and their song," a sentiment I wholeheartedly applaud on behalf of others.

Mr. Koffan is always endearingly fanatical and fair-minded, and I love him for saying so staunchly "I refuse to admit that the hoopoe is so exceedingly fetid as compared with other birds having similar nesting and feeding habits." There's loyalty for you.

My oddity of the month is *Hunting by Ear*, by D. W. E. Brock, complete with a Ludwig Koch recording of any number of assorted wails, whoops, tootles and keenly intelligent bow-wows. Mr. S. Barker, the Pythley huntsman and star of the recording, is "strictly orthodox" in the code in which he talks to his hounds, so you can be sure of learning the hunting equivalent of Oxford English. ("Hark" is apparently spelt "Huic" and pronounced "Hike," and jolly good

luck too.) Marvellous stuff, maybe, for playing to aged patrician hounds now retired to the Old Hounds' Home, or even to hostile neighbourhood cats.

GERALD LASCELLES ON

RECORDS

It takes 10 fingers to swing

I SEEM TO HAVE NEGLECTED THE pianists in my notes for the past few weeks, so I will start by telling you that there is a new album by Erroll Garner just published. The sleeve notes do not tell you much about the music that he plays, but I suspect this is one of the sets of tracks recorded in the early 50s, which have been the subject of some controversy between the pianist and the American company which owns the copyright. It is at least two years since Garner last recorded a session; in the absence of new material it is scarcely surprising that they resort to issuing alternative takes of his earlier work, even when it is generally recognized that he has increased in stature as one of the great pianists of the reigning generation during the intervening years. But I find the results entirely pleasing, especially his scintillating version of *Lover* and a bouncing lilt which comes with the LP's title track, *Music maestro please* (BBL7426).

My main criticism of Earl's pearls (MGM-C833) is that the most swinging of all pianists, "Fatha" Hines, sticks almost entirely to his much-recorded standard repertoire, which includes such pieces as *St. Louis blues boogie-woogie* and *Tea for two*. A beautiful slow version of *Willow weep for me* is outstanding, and proves what many pianists today overlook—that you do not have to play fast to swing! The accompaniment, notably Carl Pruitt's bass playing, is quite exceptional.

If you find that Hines's work lacks the freshness of a new vocabulary you are sure to find something according to your taste in Thelonious Monk's *Quintets* (32-109). Even Thelonious himself would be the first to admit that his technique falls short of brilliant so that he finds himself struggling in the midst of nowhere. I have heard the theory advanced that Monk deliberately plays down the technical approach to the piano in his incessant quest for unconventional tonalities. This may well be the case, but when he makes up such

deliberate nonsenses as you will hear in *Smoke gets in your eyes* I doubt whether he is doing anything but a disservice to himself. The music features items from two distinct sessions, of which the 1954 one is the better. Both Ray Copeland (trumpet) and Frank Foster (tenor) blow with invigorating zest, as evidenced by *Locomotive*.

I detect a note of renewed ambition in Oscar Peterson's new album, *Swinging brass* (CSD1826). Apart from the fact that on several tracks he seems to play down the purely mechanical sounds which have been a trademark of his style in recent years, he is obviously refreshed by the idea of having something more solid than a rhythm duo to back him. The high-powered studio brass section makes sounds as though Basie was back in town! Their exchange of ideas in *O.P.* is particularly satisfying, but it remains for a blues dedicated to his son, *Little Pea*, to justify the whole session in my eyes.

A big component in George Shearing's musical make-up is his natural adaptability. In *Latin affair* (ST1275) he produces a listenable, danceable group of themes played by his own quintet, with the addition of appropriate Latin percussion. Every piece is presented with considerable sensitivity, and the whole album makes an ideal choice for those occasions when it is permissible to raise one's ankle above knee level.

ALAN ROBERTS ON

GALLERIES

Broccoli with a metaphysician

"I THINK I'LL HAVE BROCCOLI," said Clemente, pronouncing the word in his native language, "because it's the Italian vegetable you cannot get in Italy."

Clemente (Jack to his friends) was on a flying visit from his studio in Paris to fix his next one-man show in London and we were lunching in a French restaurant and being served by a Cypriot waiter.

Though we had never met Clemente before we felt we knew his work fairly well, for whenever there was a show of contemporary Italian painting his pictures were in it. You could usually recognise them easily because the paint seemed to have been laid on with a trowel in strong, broad sweeps that gave the surface a ceramic quality.

And of course we had often read about him, or rather about his



ROGER HILL

Clemente explains how he paints by "a bricklaying motion with his hand"

work, in the sort of art magazines in which the word "beautiful" is allowed only if it is in inverted commas. We had read, for instance:

"... he (Clemente) has sensed that 'for the artist who accepts our time, form ceases to be a motionless residue with a single meaning and reveals itself as symptom of a polyvalent Becoming. Form becomes "formation"—and the painter is chronicler of its emergence and explorer of its latent latitude of meanings.'"

Well, here he was sitting next to us tucking into a *tournedos* steak, and on the face of him he didn't look a bit like that. He looked very young in an old-fashioned way, was slightly built, and carried a large mop of dark hair on top of sharp features frequently twisted into a nervous smile. He wore black, smartly polished shoes, a clerical grey suit, white shirt with stiff collar and a striped club tie.

Evidently this leading member of the revolution in art had taken the advice Degas gave to another young artist: "You are a good enough painter to be able to dress like everybody else."

Like most serious painters he repeatedly ducked any attempts to get him to "explain" his pictures. The Piedmontese (Clemente was born and brought up in Novara) are notoriously conventional and publicity-shy. Fame, in the popular sense, is for them something to be avoided as not respectable.

By skilful prising and prying we learned that he is 34, is the son of an office worker and has a doctorate in Literature and Philosophy from Milan University. He has been addicted to drawing for as long as he can remember but has had no orthodox art training. He went to Paris for a fortnight's holiday in 1952 and has stayed there ever since.

"I've always had a strong tactile sense," he says but has no idea where that sense came from. His paint is invariably thick and seems

to be getting still thicker in his latest style. But it is always paint, unadulterated with the foreign materials that some of the so-called "matter painters" use to create texture. "I'm not against sand on principle but I like to feel the pure paint going on," he says making a sort of bricklaying motion with his hand. He might have added that by his own secret methods of applying the paint he is able to produce all or most, of the surface qualities that the "matter painters" can get only with the aid of sand and ground glass and cement and mud and dung and sacking and tar and putty and chewing gum!

Were we right, we asked, in assuming from his paintings that he was a man of determined character, deliberate and careful in everything he does?

"A painter doesn't want to know what character can be read from his old paintings," he said. "Paintings already finished don't interest him any more. The only paintings that matter are the paintings he has to do, wants to do, is trying to do." This surprising turn of rhetoric in a language foreign to him reminded us happily of Shaw's Doolittle. It came, we realized later, from his Anglophile mother who had christened him "Jack."

Did he, we ventured to ask again, think that he might one day abandon abstract for the less fashionable representational variety? On which he expounded (mildly), "But I always represent something."

Did he mean, we wondered aloud, that the strange, rough, mottled, coloured, timeless-looking surfaces of his latest paintings were based upon his observations of rocks, cliffs, walls, for instance?

"Rocks, cliffs, walls, stones, water, air—anything," he said. "In a certain moment water can be a stone, a stone can be air." There was a moment's silence. "In a metaphysical sense," he added.

We must still have looked somewhat uncomprehending for he asked, "Why not?" And we had to admit that we did not know why not. Lamely we muttered something about the whole of life being a bit of a mystery.

"Of course," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Everything is a mystery. And if there were no mystery there would be no progress. You have to go farther and farther."

With the poor, bewildered man-in-the-street in mind we opined that modern artists were only increasing the mystery without helping to solve it.

"But the fact that the man-in-the-street feels the mystery at all is itself progress, isn't it?" asked Clemente. And as the Cypriot waiter, with a meaningful glance at the clock, placed the bill on the table there was time only for unqualified agreement that Clemente was right. Well, isn't he?

GOOD LOOKS

BATHS...

ins and outs

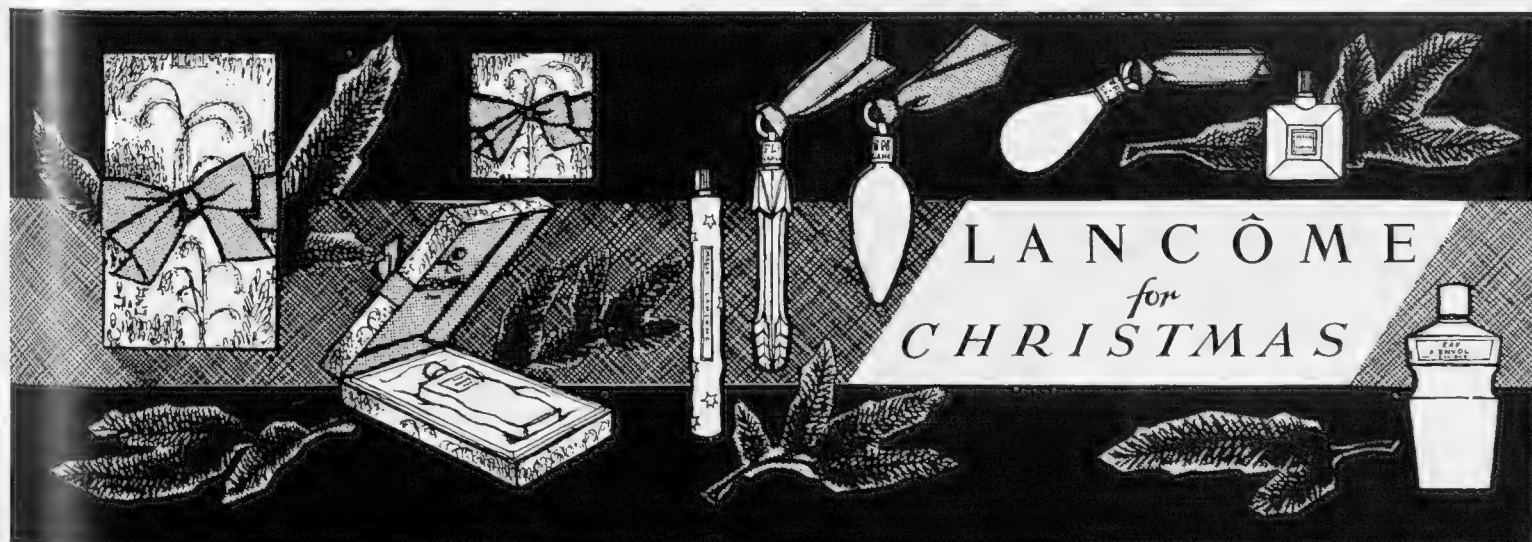
The bubbles are bursting in English bathrooms. The Hollywood-style bath has moved in, and though you may not want to be photographed in it the sheer comfort of the bubbles is too inviting to pass up. What's more, the newest bubbles can be counted on not to burst sadly, leaving you low and dry. One of the first to scent the changeable climate of baths are Revlon whose **Intimate** scent bubbles deliciously under running water. Their fragile **Aquamarine**, besides having a more delicate scent, comes out in a colour to compare with Cleopatra's classic tub. Another bubble mixture is Boots bluey-green **Beauty Bath Foam**.

But while the *avant garde* may bask blissfully in bubbles, many will prefer to acquire a faint whiff of their favourite scent in bath-oil form. The scented set up on this page covers the ins and outs for a modern sybarite with tried and tested components. Among the **ins**: Guerlain's **L'Heure Blue**, Caron's **Royal Bain de Champagne**, and Balmain's **Jolie Madame**. Afterwards come the **outs**: Yardley's chic **Bond Street** after-bath freshener, Jean Patou's **Joy** bath powder and Orlane's **Ecusson** eau de cologne by Jean D'Albret.

Elizabeth Williamson



BARRY WARNER





DINING IN

Helen Burke

Dishes from a top cookbook

IF I WERE ASKED WHICH OF THE many good cookery books of 1960 vintage I would recommend, my first choice would be **"Life" Picture Cook Book** (Prentice-Hall, £3 3s.), because it does such a magnificent job. It is on the same lines as the £5 5s. one published some time ago, but is smaller and more convenient.

There are 600 recipes in it, each illustrated with the most beautiful colour photographs it has been my privilege to see. This book took seven years to compile and the leading photographers of America travelled all over their own country and much of Europe, including Great Britain, to take the beautiful settings.

It is almost as important to know what a dish should look like as to have the recipe for it. With dishes from all over the world, it is a great help to know how they should appear when finished.

Here are a few interesting recipes from this book which though perhaps unusual can be made by anyone interested in good cookery.

GIGOT D'AGNEAU EN CROUTE is from the Baumaniere restaurant in Les Baux, in the south of France. It calls for a boned leg of lamb, weighing 3 lb. after the boning.

For the stuffing, mix together 2 diced lamb kidneys, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mushrooms, 2 oz. chopped *pâté de foie gras*, 1 tablespoon chopped truffles, 2 tablespoons Armagnac, 1 teaspoon salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Fill the cavity of the lamb with this mixture and close the opening. Bake for 1 hour in a slow oven (325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3). Remove and leave to rest for 15 minutes. Have ready puff pastry dough, rolled out to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Wrap the lamb in it and bake for 15 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas

mark 7). Ample for 6 servings.

TURKEY HASH for 6 is a timely recipe. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan. Blend in 2 tablespoons of plain flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup double cream, then stir until thickened. Add 3 cups of diced cooked turkey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh bread-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green sweet pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground sage, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and freshly milled pepper to taste.

Melt another 2 tablespoons of butter in a frying-pan. Add the turkey mixture and *sauté*, uncovered, for 25 minutes. If you like, you can brown the top of this hash under the grill before serving it.

Not long ago it would have been ridiculous to refer to strawberries in December, but nowadays every "seasonal" food is seasonable all the year round. So to—

STRAWBERRY TRIFLE from Rule's, in London: For 6 people, cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spongecake into small pieces and place a layer of them in a glass serving dish. Top them with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strawberry jam and 1 cup whipped cream. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet sherry over all. Add a second layer of

spongecake. Cover with 2 cups of boiled custard and leave to cool. Top with another cup of whipped cream and garnish with 1 cup strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *glacé* cherries and 2 oz. chopped angelica.

Another good cook-book is **The Good Housekeeping Annual** (National Magazine Co., 25s.). This is something of a *pot pourri*, with recipes ranging from classic French sauces to home-made wines, with knowledgeable articles on furnishing, gardening and sundry domestic subjects in between.

I must also refer to Hering's **Dictionary of Classical and Modern Cookery** (distributed in this country by Mills & Boon at £3 3s.). This is a gastronomic encyclopaedia, containing 13,000 short recipes and explanations, with 16 plates of illustrations. Incidentally, it reveals that there are 480 ways of cooking a sole!

While this book is primarily designed for the professional chef and hotel manager, I would recommend it as a present for the domestic science student and for anyone who takes a more-than-average interest in cookery.



MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

MEN'S OVERCOATS GET SHORTER ALL the time in a trend that started with the Edwardian vogue and reached

its present state via the covert coat and the British warm, that erstwhile purely military garment, whose popularity with civilians must be encouraging to the War Office who couldn't have foreseen the several thousands of staff officers in reserve. The covert coat, has been widely and often disastrously copied, and is now worn by many who wouldn't know a covert from a cartridge. Chain stores all over the country have dressed their windows with "the NEW shorties" and though this trend is to the good because it means a neater shape and less encumbrance round the knees when driving, the time seems ripe to cast around for something a little more distinctive.

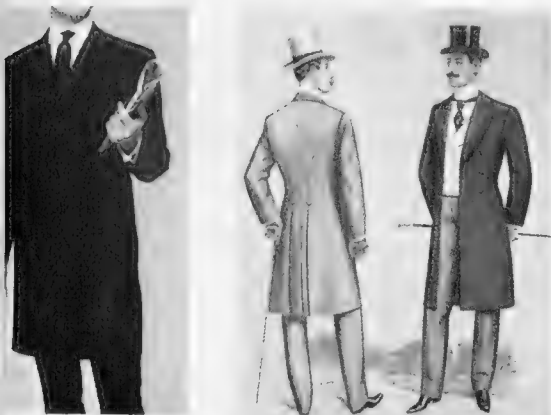
To those with the courage of my convictions, I commend a return to the frock coat, that solid epitome of late Victorian respectability. It comes into its own on those not too

infrequent days in spring and autumn when an overcoat is too hot and a suit too cool for comfort. It would seem an excellent bet for someone whose business requires a good deal of movement from one building to another—the advantage of a frock coat being that one wears it directly over a waistcoat, so no jacket is necessary. And if anyone doubts its elegance, comfort and practicability, visit that most solid of banks, Coutts, where all the clerks wear them.

You can buy a frock coat at Harrods. Ian Crombie, the light touch on the reins of their younger man's shop, has had a modern interpretation made up; it is illustrated far left. This particular coat is designed to wear over a suit and doubles as an evening coat. It is black with a scarlet lining and a deep vent to the waist; not so waisted as its precursor but hanging

fairly straight. Like the frock coat of 1899 shown on the left, it has a 3-piece back like a tail—or hunting coat. This is the best fitting and most comfortable cut possible as it fits so well over the shoulder blades. The lapels, like the 1899 coat, have silk facings set an inch in from the edge of the lapel, and the buttons are covered.

So let's have more frock coats. The one at Harrods costs £32 to order, and it would look equally well in dark brown. In grey it would grace Ascot or a Summer wedding. It seems to me much more flattering than the morning coat to the average height. But, to set it off properly, it needs a silver-headed malacca cane at the very least, and, to do it justice, a silk hat as well. But at a time when tall hats are hired rather than bought, and carried rather than worn, I can see little hope for this.



A modern version of the Victorian frock coat from Harrod's younger man's shop and (right) its predecessors, grey and black frock coats of 1899, from a print in the V.&A.

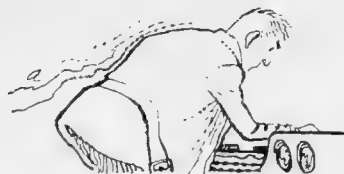


COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Walnut, as the principal timber used by cabinet makers for household furniture, had no long life in England—speaking broadly it superseded oak in about 1690 and was itself displaced by mahogany about 1730. During this period, oak, of course, remained the principal wood for the carcass with walnut used for the veneer. To begin with, this was in the form of marquetry, followed later by straight-grained veneers or burr. The period of straight-grained veneering coincided roughly with the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714). Ornamentation was confined to cross-banding and matching sectional veneers and the furniture of the time was mainly distinguished for the simplicity of design and absence of decoration that many people nowadays find preferable to the highly decorated surfaces of a century later. There ran through it all, at the same time, a strong Dutch influence due to the influx of Dutch craftsmen when William of Orange came to the English throne in 1689.

A typical and much sought after piece of the period is shown at the top of the page. Formerly in the possession of Biggs of Maidenhead it is now, alas, on the other side of the Atlantic. This is a narrow bureau bookcase standing only 6 ft. 3 in. high and less than 2 ft. wide. It retains its original brass handles and key escutcheons and its original Vauxhall plate mirror of the type I described in *The Tatler* of 13 April. The piece is made in three sections; the lower part consisting of a chest of three long drawers, the centre part of the writing bureau with three shorter drawers and the upper part of the bookcase. In profile it can be seen that the bookcase and the writing bureau overhang the lower half at the back. This allowed clearance for the chair rails always to be found in early Queen Anne houses. The sloping flap of the writing section folds forward to reveal a series of small drawers, while behind the door of the bookcase are more drawers, pigeon holes and bookshelves. The whole has acquired the beautifully mellow honey colour of old walnut. These very narrow bureau bookcases are rare and as a rough guide one can say that 2 ft. and under fetch £2,000 and over, while 2 ft. and over fetch £2,000 and under. As a result there are many fakes on the market. You have been warned.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Accessories before the fog

THE FIRST FOGS OF WINTER BRING A reminder that the standard lighting set is not sufficient for the job unless one has a quality car with fog lamps fitted as standard equipment. Low-mounted fog or spot lamps cannot legally be used except in fog or falling snow, though long distance drivers regularly ignore the fact and dazzle everyone else in consequence. Most fog lamps fitted on cars are therefore a little too high for really bad conditions. In any case a lamp hung below the bumper has a short life in modern parking conditions.

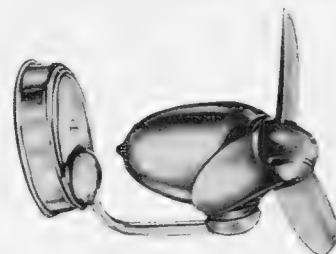
An interesting answer has just been produced in the form of a tubular lamp that can be attached by rubber suction cups to the bumper or the side panels of the car to illuminate the kerb in really bad fog. It gives a broad yellow beam and can be used at other times as an inspection lamp or a light for wheel changing. It is made by Spax Ltd., of Fortress Rd., N.W.5, and costs 29s. 6d. with carrying case.

But if the fog is inside the car, lights don't help. Misting is quite a problem, particularly on small cars. The heater demister equipment will usually clear the windscreen, but few cars have provision for keeping the rear window clear. Among the exceptions which come to mind are the Fiat 2100 which can be had with an auxiliary blower demisting the rear window, and the Rolls-Royce and Bentley which have a grid of fine wires in the rear glass so that it can be heated electrically. In Scandinavia, many motorists fit small electric fans with plastic blades which blow air across the rear window and seem to demist it quite effectively. Hella Distributors of East Acton Arcade, Old Oak Common Lane, London, W.3, sell one at 65s. which can be attached to glass or metal by a suction cup.

Another effective method is a sheet of extremely thin transparent plastic which is held against the

glass by air pressure. I have used it on both windscreen and rear window during the Monte Carlo Rally with great success. It used to be expensive but a low-cost pack called the Gno-mist is now available at 4s. 11d. Care is needed when wiping the window, but properly treated it will last a year or more.

Something more robust is a sheet of semi-rigid plastic with its own frame, which is held against the rear window by an adhesive on the frame itself, thus creating a slim sandwich of air between plastic and glass. One I have used successfully on rear windows is the Styla Clearvue which is made in two sizes

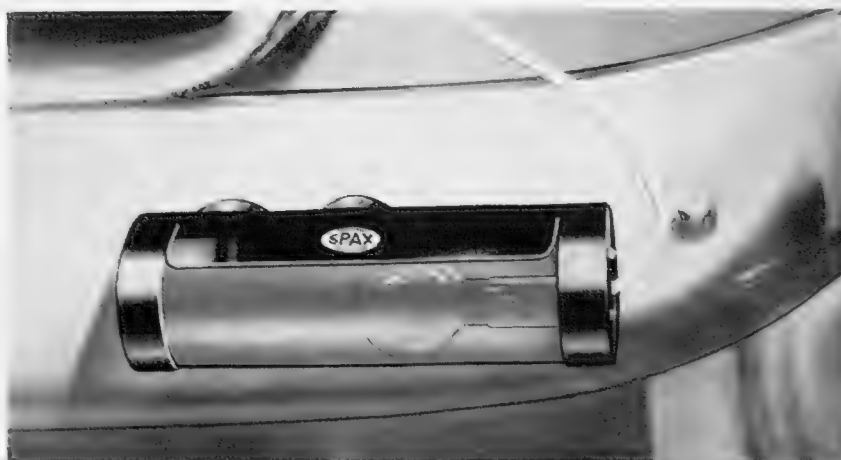


MIST INSIDE—a tiny electric fan keeps the rear window clear

at 18s. 6d. or 19s. 6d. or can be had tinted green for 2s. extra.

Car manufacturers are still slow to recognize the fact that a windscreen washer is now essential equipment on Britain's crowded roads, though a few models like the Miniminor have set a good example by including them in the standard equipment. For those who don't have one on their cars already, Trico has just brought out a new one called the Roto-Matic at only 27s. 6d. It presents a simple finger grip which is turned to right or left to eject the spray of fluid on to the screen. The water container, which holds two pints, or enough for 120 squirts, is made of flexible plastic, looking rather like a hot water bottle, so that it can be slipped under the bonnet or instrument panel.

FOG OUTSIDE—a tubular lamp fitted to bumper or side panels shows the kerb





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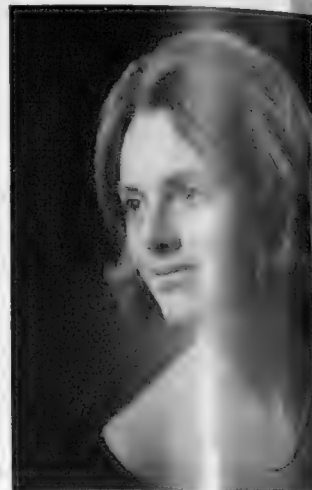
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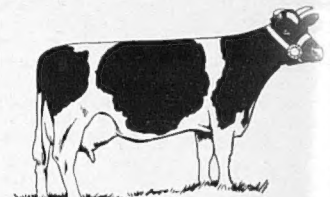
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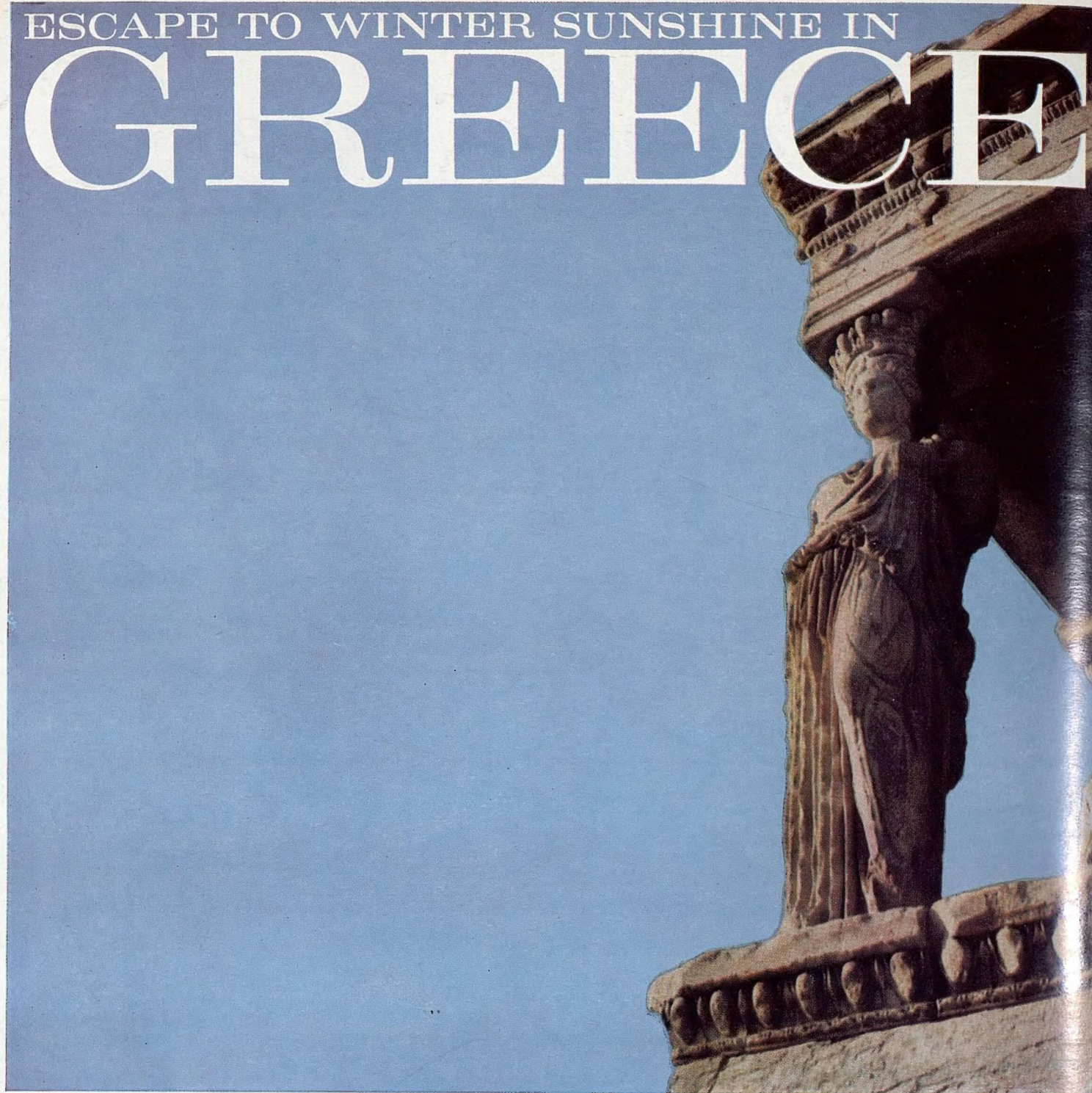
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